MAY 7 1948

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY MICH.

Vol. XXXV. No. 894. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1948 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	325
THE COMMUNAL STRUGGLE	327
COTTON SPEARHEAD. By T. W. Kent	327
JOKJA JOURNAL. By Andrew Roth	328
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	329
ATOMIC BULL. By Sagittarius	330
THIS ENGLAND	330
THE KEY TO THE ICE-BOX. By Ritchie Calder	330
AS POLAND SEES IT	331
SLAUGHTER IN THE ANTARCTIC. By David Gunston	332
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Radio Notes. By William Salter	332
The Movies. By William Whitebait	332
Art. By Patrick Heron	333
The Theatre. By T. C. Worsley	333
Music. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	334
Ballet. By Beryl de Zoete	334
CORRESPONDENCE	335
From Archibald Robertson; F. O'Hanlon; Arnold Lunn; A Spanish Liberal; E. W. Fordham; Philip Cleave; Trevor E. Barnard; and Doris Estcourt.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	Page 337
REVIEWS:	
Criminology. By Maurice Richardson	338
Landscape With Critic. By Naomi Lewis	338
French Revolution. By Leonard Woolf	339
New Poets. By Giles Romilly	339
A Remarkable Story. By Thomas Smallbones	340
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	341
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	342

ITALY SAYS "NO" TO THE LEFT

WITH greater emphasis than most observers expected, the people of Italy have voted a series of negatives. Invited by Togliatti and Nenni to dispense with both material aid from the West and spiritual salvation from the Church—to forego the good offices of both Mr. Hoffman and St. Peter—they have firmly declined to do without the 700 million dollars proffered under E.R.P., and have shown an unmistakable reluctance to risk hell-fire by voting for the Popular Front. Asked to vote for the inclusion of Italy in the Soviet Bloc, they have expressed an equally emphatic "No." It may be open to question whether the determining factor in this issue was mistrust of the Popular Front's domestic programme or fear that a Communist Italy would become the first theatre of the next world war. However that may be—and both arguments probably played their part in the voting—the Italian electorate has demonstrated beyond dispute its disinclination to see the Iron Curtain moved from Trieste to Ventimiglia. Italy has chosen to adhere to the Western half of a partitioned Europe.

A more doubtful question is how far Italians can be regarded as having voted positively for the sort of Italy which a Government of the Right will shape. For, beyond dispute, it is a Government of the Right which will emerge from the balance of forces in the new Parliament. Having secured 49 per cent. of the Chamber votes, against 31 per cent. cast for the Popular Front, the Christian Democrats will have a working majority so long as they retain the support of the National Bloc and the Republicans. The parties of the lunatic fringe—the Monarchists and the neo-Fascist Social Movement—can be disregarded: their adherents—except in Rome—appear for the most part to have taken shelter under the big clerical umbrella held up by Signor de Gasperi. And this, inevitably, means that the Premier will have little need to rely on the support of the Saragat Socialists. In obtaining 7 per cent. of the votes, they have done better than was expected and will doubtless be accorded representation in the Cabinet. They will not by themselves form a "balancing" party. It is too soon yet to guess whether there will be enough secessions from the Nenni group to make an independent Socialist Party possible. As matters stand, the Saragat fraction, even more than their opposite numbers in France, will be the prisoners of their dominant colleagues in the administration.

Will the Christian Democrats, after an election campaign fought victoriously on the negative programme of anti-Bolshevism, have the wisdom to realise that the receipt of Marshall Aid will in the end be no substitute for the far-reaching measures of land reform and financial and economic *épuration* of which Italy stands clamantly in need? The future of Italy turns on the answer which will be given to that question. Thanks in no small part to outside pressures, the Christian Democrats have been given a chance to meet the legitimate demands of Italy's two million unemployed and her millions of landless peasants. For the moment, the Church of Rome has once more proved that it is still an efficacious barrier to Communism; but the forces which gave the Popular Front nearly 8 million votes are too strong to be indefinitely ignored, too firmly based on want and social injustice to be defeated in the long run by sterile repression.

Germany and Western Europe

The real issue of the London Conference on Germany—at which not only America, Britain and France, but also Belgium and Holland are represented—is whether the measures essential to prevent a collapse of Western Germany can be squared with the French demands for security. There is a danger, unless Britain gives a decisive lead, of a compromise which may look well enough on paper, but will break down in practice. If, for instance, French consent is obtained only at the cost of refusing any real power to the Central German Government, or of nominating it from the Länder instead of permitting it to be created by a Constituent Assembly, then it would be far better to go ahead with a workable plan of genuine German government for Bizonia and permit the French to protest immediately and accept the inevitable a few months later. A puppet government at Frankfurt will prove no more effective in restoring confidence than the present futile Economic Council; and it will fail to stand up to the challenge of the Russian-controlled all-German government which will soon be constituted in Berlin. So, too, currency reform, from which so much is expected, will fail unless it is accompanied by an Occupation Statute under which all sovereignty not reserved to the Allies, is vested in a German State which would eventually become a member of a Socialist Western Union. Furthermore, the aspects of sovereignty reserved to the Occupation Authorities must be limited to those which will ultimately be surrendered by Germany's neighbours to the federal authority of Western Europe. Mr. Bevin is in a strong position to press this bold policy. It is the logical consequence of his statements on Western Union. Moreover, his personal inclination to the French view of the German danger and his reluctance to break with the Russians are now beyond question. He can afford to disregard Russian accusations of splitting Germany and to throw his whole weight behind the plan and the timetable for German self-government which every qualified British and American observer in Germany knows to be essential.

European Recovery and Western Union

Throughout last week M. Spaak attempted to sell Western Union to the American Administration as a good risk that would be worth a formal military guarantee. That he has failed seems to be due to Congress and the forthcoming election, rather than unwillingness on the part of Mr. Marshall or Mr. Forrestal. The State Department has apparently been surprised and gratified at the decisions reached at Paris last weekend, which went much further towards real Union than had been expected. The British draft for the Marshall Plan's Continuing Organisation—to be composed of national delegations—was con-

sistently opposed by the Americans, who still feel that the final outcome will not be as effective as a super-national committee. But they found the British more willing to compromise than expected, and Mr. Bevin's decision to assuage Benelux pride by standing down as Chairman of the Ministerial Council in favour of M. Spaak was interpreted as a sign that Britain would no longer be isolationist in her relations with small Continental powers. This opinion was evidently strengthened by the terms of the Five-Power agreement, which seemed to American opinion to be a far more effective military alliance than had ever been hoped for. But the Administration knows that this alliance depends on American backing. The question in their minds is who will provide the manpower in peacetime to hold the fort for the first phase of war? The European nations say that economic recovery is impossible with large standing armies; Congress replies, in effect, that the function of Economic Aid is to save America from the necessity of a standing army. By voting for a large increase in the Air Force and avoiding the question of Universal Military Training or Conscription, Congress hopes to combine a strong foreign policy with business as usual at home. On the economic side, Congress is still only approaching the task of appropriating funds for E.R.P. Mr. Taber, the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, may be even slower now that the Italian elections are "won." The State Department's proposals for allocation of aid between countries in terms of goods have not altered significantly in the past four months. Britain is still the main beneficiary, food the main product, and raw steel the most obvious absentee. The tobacco Lobby has fortunately failed to over-load the schedule with its surplus; the timber and non-ferrous metals will be of great value in view of our declining stocks of these materials; and, if deliveries match the promise, the substantial shipments of machinery listed should be most helpful. It should be noted, however, that E.R.P. receipts will bridge only half the balance of payments' gap at its March dimensions.

The Hague Conference

Now that the European Parliamentary Union has become a joint sponsor, it looks as though the Hague Conference, which starts on May 7th, will be a great deal more representative of the non-Communist Left than could have been expected a few months ago. As well as delegates from such organisations as United Europe and Federal Union, there will be several hundred M.P.s drawn from the parliaments of Western Europe in proportion to party strength. They will *not* be official parliamentary delegations, but composed of Members who are keen enough on the idea of Western Union to have joined the European Parliamentary Union, which is pledged to a federalist policy. Of the British delegation, which totals about 140, 70 will be Members of Parliament—42 Labour, 20 Conservative, including Winston Churchill and Harold Macmillan, and 8 from minority groups. The Labour members are going under an unexpected ruling of the National Executive, which tolerates the attendance of individual British Socialists. Among the seventy non-Parliamentarians are Gilbert Murray, Lord Layton, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and Mr. Amery. In the French delegation will be five ex-Prime Ministers, including Blum and Ramadier, who have both defied the Selsdon Park resolution by which, on British initiative, a ban was imposed on official Socialist representation, much to the disgruntlement of the French and Belgian Socialist parties. M. Bohey, the leader of the Belgian Parliamentary Socialist fraction, heads his country's delegation, but M. Spaak, owing to the Selsdon Park decision, will apparently not be there despite his enthusiasm for the idea of the Conference. The only Western Socialist party of which no members will be present is the German S.P.D., unless the European Parliamentary Union can persuade Mr. Bevin to enable 15 members of the various *Landtage* to join all the other Socialist M.P.s. Rather late in the day, the National Executive began to realise last week how embarrassing all this was becoming, and proposed that the Conference should be postponed in order to permit of official Socialist representation. The organisers, however, not unreasonably refused a most inconvenient postponement.

China's National Assembly

The first National Assembly to be held under the new Chinese Constitution ends this week in Nanking. It has often been a noisy affair. On the first day, more than 100 Kuomintang "rebel" delegates were held under "hotel arrest" to keep them from the ceremony, and another 100 delegates boycotted the session in sympathy. In the Assembly Hall, ten Kuomintang delegates staged a fast in protest against a Presidential order. Reports given by various Ministers could not hide the serious situation now facing the Kuomintang. Out of a total of 23,125 miles of railways, only 8,125 are now in operation. The Minister of Finance admitted the detection of 22,000 cases of smuggling last year, the President and the Minister of Finance enlarged upon the inflationary chaos. (The Chinese dollar is now valued at 600,000 to the American dollar.) With trade almost at a standstill, the President discussed means of stabilizing the currency, the only effective one being the promise of 463,000,000 dollars from the United States. The Minister of Defence dreamt of a perfect coordination of military, political and economic measures and the mobilisation of the entire country to fight the Communists. But the account he gave of the Communist armies only reflected their growing strength; in 1937, they had 30,000 men, by VJ Day, 310,000; and to-day they have 1,300,000, exclusive of local militia units. At one moment in the Assembly it was believed that Chiang Kai-shek might resign from the Presidency to take over the direction of the civil war. But he has now been re-elected President. In brief, it may be said that the National Assembly was critical of the President and his Government, but that no organised constructive opposition has yet emerged in Kuomintang China. Unless and until it does, the present disastrous civil war will continue.

B.M.A. Declares War

The Minister of Health's generous concessions to the doctors have met with a rude rebuff. The Chairman of the British Medical Association, Dr. Guy Dain, has poisoned the plebiscite on the Minister's new proposals by declaring in advance that the B.M.A. should not be prepared to bargain and that the doctors, by standing fast, can enforce their full demands. The B.M.A. has thus put itself obviously in the wrong. The Minister has met every valid argument. He has offered an amendment to reassure doctors who had genuine misgivings about a salaried medical service and set up a legal commission to clear up possible ambiguities in the Act. In short, Mr. Bevan has been conciliatory, perhaps too conciliatory. The B.M.A. have met his concessions with increased intransigeance; it is now making demands which run counter to the decisions of Parliament. The retention of the traffic in practices finds no support in any party. The claim for a right of appeal against dismissal from the public service merits no consideration: Parliament has not taken from doctors the right of appeal which every citizen possesses; it has merely declined to put doctors into a special category of citizens. Dr. Dain's talk about fighting "for the freedom of the patient" sounds uncommonly disingenuous. It is to be hoped that the rank and file of the doctors will disown a leadership which is degrading the profession by playing the cheapest of party politics. The profession was, we believe, more correctly represented in the recent stand of the Royal College of Physicians.

PARLIAMENT: Two Issues of Conscience

Wednesday

"HYSTERIA" has come to mean any moral emotion which we dislike. Some Cabinet Ministers used it to describe the atmosphere during the division on capital punishment; a few back-benchers would apply it to last Monday's scene when Raymond Blackburn raised the issue of privilege on the notorious Platts-Mills telegram. He spoke with the apparent approval of Mr. Morrison and the jeering applause of the Tories opposite. Hysteria? It all depends on your sense of values. At the moment the Parliamentary Labour Party, lacking either strong leadership or a clear philosophy, is at the mercy of the gusts of passion which buffet it from every side.

But at least the emotion which carried the abolition of the death penalty against the combined pleas of Mr. Chuter Ede, Sir John Anderson, and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe was a noble one. Moreover, the convictions of those who voted for Silverman's amendment were backed not only by soundly reasoned arguments from such diverse speakers as Mr. Donovan and Mr. Walker Smith, Mr. Hollis and Mr. Paget, but also by the knowledge that Sir Stafford Cripps, the four Law Officers and Mr. Kenneth Younger were all ostentatiously absent from the front bench.

If passion did prevail, it was a reasoned passion; and the excess of emotion which still glowed in the hearts of many Socialists, as they wrung each other's hands in the corridors, was probably due to a sense of release. For once the machine had been defeated by conscience; and a long standing Party pledge had been fulfilled despite the dictates of expediency. An unofficial, but none the less effective, Tory whip and extreme pressure on members of the Government had failed to achieve their purpose. It was a glorious victory. The violence of the jubilation revealed the frustration of a Party which longs to be able to choose between right and wrong and is constrained time after time to make do with the lesser evil.

One back-bencher remarked: "At last all the Tories of all the Parties have gone through the same Lobby." But this oversimplifies. A more accurate distinction would be between those who still hope for a world of sanity and the "realists" who are building the bulwarks for a coming age of barbarism. However, to draw any political conclusions from this voting list would be sheer wishful thinking. There is not likely to be another issue which divides so conveniently, and with so little risk, the high-minded sheep from the official-minded goat; and Mr. Morrison can reassure himself with the thought that the Party only revolted on this occasion—with his permission.

Monday's emotions were a good deal less creditable to all concerned. Blackburn had been told beforehand by the Speaker that no *prima facie* issue of privilege was involved in the notorious telegram. But he wanted his scene and he got it. Mr. Morrison assured a jubilant Tory Party that he meant business this time. Skeffington-Lodge, who can scarcely be accused of Communist leanings but has a strong sense of decency, interjected a disavowal of Blackburn as Keeper of the Party's conscience. He was countered by Cecil Poole who assured the Tories that there were "an awful lot" of his colleagues for whose consciences he would not care to vouch.

Most Labour Members sat mum during this distasteful display. They resented the telegram because they felt that while a minority has a right to express dissent, it cannot be entitled deliberately to sabotage Party policy on an issue of major importance. But there was an uneasy feeling that, if the place for the crypto-Communist is in the Party whose interest he serves, the crypto-Tory is also as much of an embarrassment.

There is no doubt that Platts-Mills, whatever else he has done, has struck a deadly blow at the freedom of action for the individual Socialist M.P. which has been the pride of the Parliamentary Party since 1945. Tolerance of awkward minorities has never been an outstanding quality of British Socialism. Now, as the result of Platts-Mills' behaviour and the naiveté of some of his colleagues, it looks as though tolerance may be the first Socialist victim in the battle against totalitarianism.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE COMMUNAL STRUGGLE

As the snow melts in the mountain passes, the danger increases that the present fighting in Kashmir will turn into a full-scale war between India and Pakistan. Pakistan has not rid Kashmir of the tribesmen—and her's is the blame for having let them loose last autumn—and Indian troops are opening an offensive to clear them out from the Vale of Kashmir. If they go beyond that and attempt to reconquer the whole territory, India will be involved in a costly and futile series of expeditions into the mountain fastnesses of Northern Kashmir, and earn the odium of trying to suppress the brave and justifiable rising of the Poonchi against the Maharajah. In view of the bad communications from India into Kashmir there will be constant pressure from the military to enter Pakistan territory with the object of occupying the bases from which Pakistan gives aid to the raiders and the rebellion. The two Dominions would then be at war.

The results would be incalculable. Many of the 40 million Muslims within India would be massacred and Hindu life would be equally cheap in Pakistan. Inevitably the extremists would win in both Dominions. Pandit Nehru could say good-bye to his lifelong aspirations to raise the standard of living in India, and to create a new democracy in which minorities could live freely and at peace. Such a war would be unlikely to confine itself to the sub-continent. Mr. Jinnah would unquestionably seek support from the Western Powers and make a bid to rally the Islamic world on his side; and though neither of the Dominion Governments would be sympathetic to the U.S.S.R., the chances are that both would find themselves involved in the world struggle between American capitalism and Soviet Communism. In the end, the most probable beneficiaries from such a war would be the Communists.

The Security Council is trying to avert this war. It made a bad start, showing a disposition to brush aside India's case and deeply wounding Indian sensibilities. Since February, however, when the Indian delegates returned to support their case at Lake Success, a serious and sustained effort has been made to persuade the two Dominions to agree about the terms of the promised plebiscite. The attempt has failed, and the Council has now put forward a plan—it is not an "award"—by which a Uno Commission would supervise the plebiscite. It would first assure itself that the tribesmen were withdrawing from Kashmir—with or without intervention by Pakistan regular troops—and that India's forces, reduced to the number necessary for maintaining order, had withdrawn to positions where their presence would have no effect on the voting. It is not absolutely clear whether this process must be *completed* before the plebiscite begins. The Council further suggests that the Sheikh Abdullah should accept in his administration representatives of the other parties, including presumably at least one member of the Pakistan-sponsored Azad-Kashmir administration.

Under these conditions the Security Council believes that a plebiscite could be fairly carried out. Presumably the people of Kashmir would have a triple choice. They could vote for accession to either Dominion, but they might prefer to maintain an independent status. The last proposal seems to be little discussed, but we can imagine circumstances in which it might prove the best solution. Sheikh Abdullah has opted for India, but he is above all a Kashmiri patriot and interested in the social betterment of the people of his State. Given independent status, he might well agree to accept in the Government some of those against whom he is now fighting, and such a settlement would have the advantage of making possible a joint Indo-Pakistan defence of the frontier. No other solution of the tribal problem has yet been proposed.

Both Dominions have at once expressed their dislike of Uno's proposals for the plebiscite. Following an all too familiar pattern in negotiations between Muslims and Hindus, Mr. Jinnah has not yet published his objections, whilst India has produced an over-hasty form of rejection. India complains that the proposal would "in certain circumstances entitle the plebiscite commission to move Pakistan troops into Kashmir as a legally recognised force." She also objects to the suggestion that Sheikh Abdullah should be asked to "paralyse" his administration by including representatives of the "dissident" elements in Kashmir.

We do not regard this Indian comment as final. We hope that the Uno Commission will in any case make its way to Kashmir, and that it may succeed in convincing some of the able and reasonable men at the head of the Government in Delhi that these plebiscite proposals are not humiliating to Indian pride or designed to deprive her of her rights. India remains over-sensitive as the result of her long experience of past oppression; she is always apt to feel that she is surrounded by hostile Powers, and now readily suspects ulterior motives even in the minds of those who wish her well. We do not deny that she has cause to complain that the great Powers at first favoured Pakistan for their own reasons. But we see no trace of such partiality in the present proposals. It would seem overwhelmingly to India's advantage to end a military commitment which she undertook last October in good faith, but which now threatens to embroil her in a wasting and futile war.

That anyone should doubt that the plebiscite as suggested by Uno is a lesser evil than war can only be explained by the pitch of bitterness which communal feeling has reached. Kashmir is not the only communal danger spot. In Hyderabad local fighting has sharply increased. The fanatical organisation of Kazim Razvi is engaged in a war of terror and counter-terror both against Hindu Communists on the Madras frontier and against Hindu Fascists in the R.S.S. who raid Hyderabad from the Central Provinces in support of the almost wholly Hindu population of Northern Hyderabad. In this conflict the trump cards are in India's hands. Hyderabad is surrounded by Indian territory and cannot long survive the trade blockade which has been imposed by India. This blockade seems to have been pushed to lengths not intended by the more moderate Indian leaders who may have been willing enough to remind the Nizam of his dependence on India, but who were not at all prepared to refuse medical supplies to the population of Hyderabad.

An amicable arrangement could almost certainly have been reached between the Nizam and the Indian Government if the Nizam had been in fact a free agent. India was ready to guarantee the continuance of the Nizam's dynasty if he was prepared for accession to India. But negotiations between the Nizam, represented by Sir Walter Monckton, and the Government of India have been constantly frustrated. Last week it looked as if settlement could be reached. Unhappily, there appeared in the *Hindustan Times* and another Indian journal a report of a most violent speech by Razvi proclaiming a holy war against India, and declaring that all Muslims in the Indian union were prepared to help his Muslim fanatics. This report, whether accurate or not in its details, accords only too well with the familiar sentiments of Razvi, whose organisation is strongly represented in the Hyderabad Cabinet. Muslims all over India have repudiated this slur on their loyalty, and recriminations are flying to and fro between India, Hyderabad and Pakistan. It is a difficult atmosphere in which to reach a peaceful settlement. The future of India largely depends on the Premier's ability to tame the communal dragon.

Pandit Nehru has no party machine behind him. Charges from the Right that he favours "appeasement" of Islam make it difficult for him to act reasonably. He is also savagely attacked by the Communists, who have now adopted the revolutionary line of Moscow and are consequently being arrested in considerable numbers. The Socialist Party is now also out of Congress. The Premier must rely on his own immense personal popularity. Given peace with Pakistan for a period of years, the true divisions of India would be seen. Gradually Communal bitterness, which, after all, did not exist in its virulent form anywhere in India thirty years ago, would die down, and there would be time, money and brains to spend on the real problem of India, which is that of hunger and poverty among the vast mass of 400 million Hindus and Muslims. That is the real problem for the leaders of this sub-continent; they have the ability and the will to tackle it if they do not permit themselves to be diverted. The first test is to achieve a settlement in Kashmir.

COTTON SPEARHEAD

There is an appearance of desperation in the importance that the Government is now giving to the textile industries and, especially, to cotton—the spearhead, as Mr. Harold Wilson calls it, of the export drive. The original targets for 1948, set by Sir Stafford Cripps last September, divided the export task among industries according to the increases in production that could reasonably be expected of them. Lancashire, then, was not asked to contribute a particularly large share of the planned increase in exports. But cotton cloth is one of the few consumer goods for which foreign demand is still, on the whole, strong. It is because the chances of selling more are good, rather than because production can be raised more easily than in other industries, that so much is now asked of cotton.

What are the chances of success in Lancashire? That is to say, what are the chances that the cotton industry will be able to increase its output far more sharply than the Government—which has not been in the habit of setting its targets too low—dared to hope seven months ago? The new target requires that, by the end of 1948, the rate of cotton exports should be 74 per cent. higher than it was in the second half of 1947. The aim has been laid down too late for there to be any serious hope of achieving it entirely by increasing production; some of the extra exports will almost certainly have to be found by cutting, temporarily at least, the supply of cotton cloth to the home market. For there are not nine months of 1948 left in which output can gradually be raised to the target. The supply of finished cloth at the end of the year depends on the yarn that the spinning mills produce in the next three months. The improvement recently has not been quick; in the last three months the mills have been producing 3 per cent. more yarn than they did at the end of last year. An immediate increase of about another 10 per cent. is necessary if the export target is to be reached without reducing our own clothing ration. Mr. Wilson said last week that the rise would have to be "spectacular"; he would hardly have been exaggerating if he had said "miraculous."

The practical question, then, is whether exports can be increased with no more than a moderate cut, not lasting very long, in home supplies. As they stand, the Government's targets offer little hope of this. The Economic Survey emphasised recruitment of labour as the main way of increasing production. The target for yarn output, an increase of 21 per cent. during the year, was matched by one for manpower, an increase of 22 per cent. At the best, most of these extra workers cannot be found until the second half of the year. If we have to rely on them, the quantity of cotton goods in the shops will fall sharply and will not be restored before

the end of 1949; and even so the export target may be missed.

That is, *if* the extra workers can be found. There is every reason to think that, in fact, they cannot. In the two and a half years after the end of the war in Europe, the cotton industry's labour force rose by 50,000. Then millions of people were leaving the Forces and the war factories; much was being done to make the mills more attractive, and there was a vigorous propaganda campaign. The aim now is to get 58,000 extra workers in one year—a year when relatively few people, especially women, are looking for jobs. There seems no chance of recruiting even one-third of this number from among Lancashire workers. It is an economic revolution that keeps a third of the cotton spindles idle. Married women no longer need to work in order to feed and clothe their families. The supply of juvenile labour has fallen sharply. For single women and men other jobs are plentiful. The prejudice against the mills, the fruit of past depression, will not die down quickly. To get back the labour the revolution would have to be reversed, full employment abandoned; there is no question that the price would be too high to pay.

Some machinery may be put to work by moving it to the development areas. But that is slow and can be done on only a small scale. More may be achieved by bringing European workers from the D.P. camps to Lancashire. Some 4,000 are in the mills now, and there is talk of multiplying them tenfold. There is no serious prospect of housing anything like that number this year. Such large immigration would certainly stir deep resentment in Lancashire—especially among the women, as the foreigners became serious competitors for husbands.

Altogether it seems safe to reckon that cotton's labour force will not be increased by more than 30,000 this year—one-half of the target. So far, recruitment to the spinning mills has actually been running at one-third of the target rate. If we allow for the time taken in training, it is unlikely that recruitment in itself will have raised output by more than 5 per cent. at the end of the year. A large and quick increase can come only from a higher production per worker. There is a natural reluctance to admit this. To most employers, and to some trade union leaders, the obvious remedy is to run the idle machines, to get back to pre-war working. That shifts responsibility from them and from the present workers. The tragedy is that the Government's targets have put the emphasis back on recruitment just when the industry itself was recognising that it could not go on waiting for labour.

One way of getting more output per worker is to give him better machinery. In some processes this yields large results. But the number of machines that can be made and installed this year—4,000 automatic looms, for example, in an industry where 300,000 looms are now running—will not get us far towards the production target. Quicker results may be got by making small improvements to the existing machines, but there is too little skilled engineering labour to do it on a spectacular scale.

The Government's view is that, while the mills are waiting for new machinery, the operatives must be asked to fill the gap by working harder. Though in part this can be looked for in normal hours, the main appeal has been for overtime working. The trade unions and employers' organisations have supported it, but with little enthusiasm. It was no surprise that the first attempt, made late last year, broke down in many of the cotton towns. Whether the workers' response will be more favourable now is doubtful. The cotton industry still employs many married women and for them especially it is very hard to work an extra half-hour every day. If absenteeism during the overtime period is high, even in one department of a mill, the net gain in output is small. If overtime is accepted throughout the industry it is still unlikely to increase the total output by more than 2 or 3 per cent.

One other possibility, perhaps the most promising, remains. It is to make work with the present spinning and weaving machinery more efficient. The most striking demonstration of what can be done is the experiment at the Musgrave Mill, Bolton, on which the Cotton Board recently published a report. In the card-room (where the preliminary processes before spinning are carried out) output per worker was increased by 39 per cent. This meant that the workers could earn 30 per cent. more while the cost of wages per lb. of product was reduced by 10 per cent. It was achieved mainly by a simple re-division of jobs among the various classes of workers—the so-called "redeployment of labour." The traditional methods of working are wasteful of skill, and the essential change is that the machine-minders—tenters, spinners, weavers—are relieved of such ancillary work as cleaning and carrying. Each can then tend more machines while the subsidiary work for all is done by small teams of specialists. It is the old textbook principle of the division of labour.

There is now no doubt that redeployment will raise output, in some cases by a third and more. The Musgrave results are not unique. They are an independent confirmation of what had already been established by the work of a few progressive employers and managers, some trade union leaders, and a handful of industrial consultants. Belatedly the Cotton Board, the industry's "development council," has done much to spread knowledge of the new methods. There are signs that many mills may soon begin to adopt them. The obstacles raised by the conservatism of managers and workers are still formidable; but the weight of evidence against the old methods is now being felt even by those whose outlook they have formed. The established wage agreements, which make the payment per unit of output constant, give the employer little incentive to improve his methods; but in weaving a prospect of change has been given by the report of the Moelwyn Hughes Commission. To the workers the industry's wasteful use of labour has seemed a protection against unemployment and "exploitation"; but the dread of unemployment is weakening and the distrust of time and motion study, of "stop-watch methods," is being broken down.

All this will still take time to work out, but there is a fair hope that before the end of the year the results from redeployment will be substantial. In that case, and if as much as possible is gained also by recruitment, harder work, and re-equipment, Lancashire will reach its target. It will fail if too much reliance is put on one or two of the methods of increasing output. At the moment that is the greatest danger. The Government and the industry's leaders will be failing in their part of the task if the plan of campaign is not realistic from the start.

T. W. KENT

JOKJA JOURNAL

THE red carpets were out when our plane landed at the primitive airport of Jokjakarta, the Republic's inland capital in mid-Java. Visitors are welcome here because they help to break down the sense of isolation built up by long months of Dutch blockade. The plane which brought us was particularly welcome. It brought a "Goodwill Mission" from East Indonesia, a State which had been established by the Dutch in December 1946 as a docile puppet. But the growth of nationalism there had resulted in its parliament deciding by a near-unanimous vote to send a Mission to the Republican capital to tell its leaders that the people of East Indonesia consider the Republic the hub of Indonesian nationalism.

This Mission could not have chosen a better time. On the streets of Jokjakarta peddlers are hawking a cigarette called "Renville"—after the Dutch-Indonesian agreement brought about by Uno's Good Offices Committee aboard the U.S. Navy transport, the *Renville*. The Rupublican leaders still have a bad taste after having had to sign it. They agreed to withdraw their troops from the richest Dutch-seized areas of Java and join in a federated United States of Indonesia which would start life under Dutch sovereignty.

The Republic accepted the Agreement, however, because it guaranteed them a free plebiscite in Java and Sumatra, after 6 months or so, to determine whether those areas would return to the Republic. They agreed to join the United States of Indonesia not only because of economic compulsions but because they felt they could thus link up with the nationalist currents in areas which have been under Dutch control. The East Indonesian Goodwill Mission has shown them that they can count on considerable support outside of the truncated Republican area.

Although the headquarters of a nationalist revolution which has shaken the foundations of a 350-year-old empire, Jokja's pace is surprisingly slow. Indonesians are rather an easy-going people and Indonesian nationalism cannot completely overcome its birth in an unindustrialised area like the Indies, where people are accustomed to adjust their lives to the rising and setting of the sun rather than the split-second precision of Western machinery. Even if one wants to hurry it is rather difficult here because there are only a few run-down and patched-up pre-war cars straining their precious tyres.

The pace of Jokja is somewhat speeded by eager young nationalists who have gathered here to work for the Government. Like the nationalist movements of Burma and Indo-China—and very unlike India—young people in their twenties seem the chief source of political energy here. The guides provided by the Government for newspaper people are all youngsters in their early twenties, very earnest and proud of the Republic's achievements but a little inexperienced. The best visual propaganda is turned out by the poster and puppet-makers of the Youth Congress at Madiun. Radio Jokjakarta, the 2½-kilowatt overseas "Voice of Free Indonesia," is manned by about ten—almost half of them women—announcer-commentators whose average age is about 24. They write their own scripts and broadcast in English, Dutch, French, Hindustani, Urdu, Arabic, Chinese and other tongues. They are a bright and eager young crew, voracious for information from the outside and anxious to learn.

President Soekarno and Premier (and Vice-President) Mohammed Hatta are still the symbols of the overall unity in the nationalist movement on the subject of independence. Sukarno, a gay charming man, who enjoys enormously the elaborate ritual of being President, is still the Republic's agitator *par excellence*, tremendously popular with the people except in those areas which lost too many men by his wartime assistance to the Japanese in recruiting forced labour. Premier Hatta is more serious, not completely at ease in the limelight, and the devoted wheelhorse of the movement.

The present Cabinet does not contain either Sjahrir or Sjarifuddin or any of the other Socialist intellectuals who have played leading rôles in directing the Republic's internal and external policy since the Republic's inception. Sjahrir, a brilliant intellectual but not a mass leader, was forced out as Premier last summer during the course of negotiations before the Dutch offensive because he took too many decisions on his own hook. He has just split off from the Republican Socialist Party (RSP) and formed his own Socialist Party of Indonesia which emphasises nationalist unity and seeks by all means to avoid the Soviet-American clash which he feels is coming.

Sjahrir's departure with a small minority of followers leaves tubby, dynamic Amir Sjarifuddin as undisputed leader of the RSP and the People's Democratic Front which includes the RSP (25-30,000 members), Communist Party (4,000), Labour Party (1,000) and the Socialist Youth (over 100,000). This Left coalition has substantial support in *Sobsi*, the Indonesian Labour Federation, which had over 1,000,000 members before the Dutch attack seized the Republic's best

developed area. The Democratic Front favours a policy of a united Left with a leading position in the nationalist movement in order to achieve not only independence for Indonesia but a great improvement in its living standards.

One of the prominent features of Indonesian politics is the position of the *Masjumi*, a loosely-knit organisation of Moslem social, religious and military organisations acting as a political party which at present probably represents fully half of the population. Indonesia is 90 per cent Moslem and 90 per cent illiterate, and among the backward villagers religion predominates over politics. The local Moslem divines are important factors in the villages and together they have enrolled upwards of 500,000 members for the *Masjumi*. Outside of independence for Indonesia, the only solid plank in its programme is that it favours Indonesia's becoming an Islamic State, with State aid to Moslem mosques and schools and only a Moslem permitted to be President. Its leadership consists mostly of Indonesian *kulaks*—medium-sized landlords who have profited heavily by the mounting price of rice—with a minority of merchants. Their opportunism in politics is illustrated by the fact that after overthrowing Sjarifuddin's Cabinet because he supported the Renville Agreement, they joined Hatta although he supported it as completely.

In Jokja and the surrounding countryside the number of peasants one sees clad only in burlap sacking gives evidence of the economic pressures which are forcing the Republic into the United States of Indonesia. Although Java is world-famous for its *batiks* (handpainted fabrics), the decorative designs have usually been painted on imported fabrics because Java produces only 20 per cent of its own textile needs. During the war, and under the Dutch blockade Java has been cut off from its source of supply.

The food situation is not bad, and there is little evidence of under-nourishment, although the Dutch attack of last summer did lop off the "surplus" areas, leaving the Republic with a 25 per cent rice deficit for the 23,000,000 people in the one-third of Java it retains. This can be made up in part by its tapioca surplus; but the shortage of rice has forced up prices, giving big profits to the *kulaks* and inflicting great hardships on Government workers and day labourers.

There are plenty of new notes circulating, evidence that the inflationary spiral is due in large part to heavy printing of currency. This has been done to meet the tremendous burden of defending the Republic against the Dutch attack. Fully 57 per cent of last year's budget was consumed by the military, and the Republic's income only covered a fourth of the budget. More of it could have been covered had an effective tax apparatus been operating to skim the profits of the *kulaks*. It would be utopian, however, to expect considerable economic efficiency of the Republicans at this stage. Big business has always been the monopoly of the Dutch, British and Americans here, while for centuries commerce has been a virtual monopoly of the Chinese, who number almost two million in the Republic.

Although Republican leaders speak optimistically of future economic possibilities, they are conscious of their immediate economic weaknesses. They are anxious to join the Interim Government, if they are given decent terms, because they understand the need for the economic unity of the Indies and for trade with the outside. They are willing to risk coming under temporary Dutch sovereignty and under Dutch economic influence because they are increasingly sure their political influence can counterbalance it even in Dutch-controlled areas. The visit of the East Indonesian "Goodwill Mission" was one indication. And a week after they left here, Republican leaders were surprised to learn that the Dutch-sponsored "West Java Conference" elected as the Chief of State of that area a man who is head of President Soekarno's Supreme Advisory Council and temporarily residing in Jokja, the hub of Indonesian nationalism.

ANDREW ROTH

A LONDON DIARY

THE affair of the now famous telegram to the Nenni Socialists has been one of the sorriest episodes in Labour Party history that I can remember. Apart from any subsidiary windfall accruing to Signor Nenni, the main beneficiaries from it so far have been the Tories. It is rarely that a Government Party so gratuitously holds up its dirty linen, before washing it, for the delighted inspection of the Opposition. Even more humiliating than the Labour Party's determination last Monday to adopt the Buchmanite technique was the revelation that there are some Labour Members so poorly versed in international politics that they either do not know the difference between Saragat and Nenni, or imagine that there is only one group of Socialists in Italy anyway. In fact, as is now well known, some Labour M.P.s are far too apt to lend their signatures at almost any time for almost any purpose. On this occasion the facts so far revealed suggest there was also something very wrong about the method of collecting the signatures. Several alleged signatories have denied giving their consent to the use of their names at all. At least one, Lyall Wilkes, whose integrity is beyond question, states emphatically that when approached he expressly and unequivocally refused to have anything to do with it. And yet his name appeared. Such a repudiation is bound to discredit those responsible for the telegram. Their role as sincere advocates of an unpopular policy is difficult enough already. It demands an absolute scrupulousness in the conduct of any campaign they undertake if they are to retain respect for their views. In this unfortunate business it looks as though some were fools, some worse, and some genuine and passionate believers in the cause they espoused. Before any disciplinary action is taken, the National Executive should make quite certain they have sorted out the three categories. The fools raise no problem except the general desirability of their being M.P.s. I hope there will be no silly talk of expelling the genuine dissenters. On the whole question of expulsion, I agree that it would be the natural course of action against an M.P. if he were proved beyond doubt to have attached M.P.s signatures to a telegram of great political importance without taking proper care that they wished to sign it or understood what it was about. Yet I recall what happened when Pritt was expelled for opposing the Labour Party's desire to join issue with Russia over Finland in 1940. At the General Election his opponent was the only Labour Party candidate to lose his deposit.

* * *

The luckless Bishops who were told to report on the Church and the Atom once again got themselves bogged in the casuistry of the "just war." They make the valid point that it was wrong not to warn the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki that they were to be atomised, and that the whole conception of "unconditional surrender" and "obliteration bombing" is part of a new and evil conception of total war, made not in self-defence or for limited objectives, but for the destruction of the innocent with the guilty. They only cause ribald mirth when they discuss the possible use of atom bombing in cases where no human lives are likely to be lost, and say that, "like certain gadgets and bacteriological devices, it is open to the objection that it causes death and aggravates suffering needlessly." But what is their general conclusion? That the use of the atom bombs in the past was wrong, but that it may be right "to manufacture them and hold them in readiness" and that "in certain circumstances defensive necessity might justify their use against an unscrupulous aggressor." In other words, the Church will support the use of all weapons in the only war likely to occur. A surprising conclusion? Scarcely. Although the Church often denounces past wars, it has never, as far as I can remember, found that any actual war in which Britain is involved is unjust.

The more one learns about recent developments in the Ruhr, the clearer it becomes how dangerous have been the consequences of the British decision, under American pressure, to waive the programme of socialisation of heavy industry to which we were pledged. On paper, the alternative policy which has been pursued has been to split up the six great vertical combines—Vereinigte Stahlwerke, Mannesmann, Krupp, Hoesch, Kloecker and Gute Hoffnungshütte—under the *Entflechtung* Order of January, 1947. But, though a substantial proportion of the assets of the six *Konzerne* have been transferred nominally to twenty-six newly formed companies and are held temporarily by the Trustee administration, there has been no change of legal ownership. The German Trustee, Heinrich Dinkelbach, appears to be dividing his energies between the establishment of the new puppet companies and the strengthening of the board of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, to which he has lately nominated Walter Rohland, member of the Nazi Party from 1933, and chairman, throughout the war, of the inner committee of Speer's Ministry of Armaments. Even more significant has been the nomination by the Frankfurt Economic Council of Hermann Reusch, managing director of the Gute Hoffnungshütte, to a mixed German-Allied Committee, set up to increase steel production and likely to enjoy wide powers over the allocation of materials and labour. Reusch has never disguised his implacable opposition to the splitting of the combines, and he is equally opposed to any form of public control over German heavy industry. In short, the prolonged Allied indecision as to the eventual ownership of Ruhr steel and coal has created a vacuum. Men such as Reusch, Rohland and Dinkelbach are filling it.

* * *

If the suspension of the death penalty for murder is to be truly "experimental," its operation should be closely watched during the next five years; and in view of the Home Secretary's announcement that it is not to wait upon the passing of the Criminal Justice Bill but is to take effect at once, certain other things should begin at once. Hitherto we have lacked psychiatric data about the minds of murderers because we have killed them after a few weeks of abnormal mental stress. Now we have five years in which to acquire information of great value in experimental penology. We should also study the reaction of juries as expressed in the number of acquittals, reductions to manslaughter, recommendations to mercy, and so on. We should watch for any variation in the number of quite innocent people (fairly constant up till now) who give themselves up for every "sensational" murder; for the prophesied increase in the number of criminals carrying arms; for the expected stimulus to recruitment in the prison service, where hanging has been heartily detested; for the wildly improbable boycotting of the police service foretold by those who fear an increase of armed crime. To leave it to the Sunday papers to do the promised "research" would be idiotic: we need proper data. Collectively we have begun an experiment; it will not be a genuine experiment if we simply lock our murderers up and then find in five years time that we are no better informed than if we had hanged them.

* * *

In its effort to achieve the cotton export target, the Government is trying the experiment of making direct contact with the women in the industry. Once a month about twenty women, delegates of various national women's organisations, are guests for a day of the Economic Information Unit of the Treasury. "They" are no longer impersonal, imperative and incomprehensible authorities, making arduous demands just for the hell of it, expressed in language baffling even to the most willing. They have become people who respond to criticism and suggestions, who will investigate specific points of grievance, and help to solve the human problems

imposed by the economic needs of the nation. When I looked in on last week's conference the subject was clothing, and the Government speaker was dealing with a series of questions about provisions for workers' children, the possible abuses of the system of factory work done in the home, the discrepancies in the new National Health contributions for part-time operatives, the opportunities or lack of them for careers in the mill. When these domestic problems are seriously tackled, it becomes easier to explain that cotton exports alone, if the programme is fulfilled, will buy all our wheat and butter for a year.

* * *

If a person who is much in the public eye loses his head and his temper and gets convicted of a common offence in the courts, he naturally gets more than his share of gloating publicity and therefore more than his share of punishment. It is right that it should be so, for society should demand a particularly high standard of conduct from public persons. But I feel that *l'affaire Joad* has been excessively played up. If there is a reaction towards Dr. Joad it will be because people like Sir Waldron Smithers, who can be relied upon to caricature his own case, now asks the Home Secretary "to introduce legislation to enable him to prevent any person convicted of a criminal offence from broadcasting." Dr. Joad has made a fool of himself, but it is no reason why other people should do the same.

CRITIC

ATOMIC BULL

Defensive necessity might justify the use of atomic weapons against an unscrupulous aggressor.—Report of the Archbishops' Commission, April 13th.

SHOULD atom bombs be launched by Christian hands,
When Christendom, devoid of vengeful aim
Against unscrupulous aggression stands?
Can mass-destruction Gospel sanction claim?
Is there within the theologic frame
For atom warfare and salvation room?
Can spiritual man escape all blame?
Beneath the shadow of atomic doom,
The Church leads kindly light in the encircling gloom.

To justify the ways of Christendom,
With other weapons in love's arsenal,
The spiritual arm approves the bomb
To atomize the hostile capital
And undermine civilian morale.
With mankind rent by ideologic schism
The atom bomb is evangelical
When dropped on zones of rampant atheism,
Confounding arguments of arrogant materialism.

The bomb deterrent guards against abuse;
The moral armament of righteous war
Anticipates unconsecrated use
And fortifies the Christian warrior;
Atomic weapons, never blessed before,
May be, with due precaution, sanctified;
Forewarned of what the future has in store,
The military arm is not denied
Defensive instruments of needful genocide.

The bomb upon aggressors in the field
May fall, and on their armoured hosts of hell,
But if aggressors should their persons shield
In bomb-proof subterranean citadel,
The soft core of civilians it may quell,
To whom the fiery courier represents
By proxy, Death's dark angel, Azrael.
No clerical anathema prevents
The moral massacre of godless innocents.

Atomic missiles, aimed in righteousness,
May extirpate the wicked branch and root,
And overawe aggressors who profess
False faiths, confusing mankind with the brute,
Who, spurning moral values absolute,
Would hurl the bomb in murderous insanity.
Preventive atom bombs their creed refute:
Just atom war's no crime against humanity,
Nor incompatible with purest Christianity.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

For riding a bicycle to the common danger . . . ——was fined £2 at Brentford on Thursday. Police evidence was given that he had both hands off the handlebars and was reading a picture paper as he rode. When the danger was pointed out he replied, "It's the only chance I get of reading." *Richmond and Twickenham Times.* (Mrs. M. Zobel).

Over 1,000 Belfast school children were shown a series of films dealing with road safety in the Ritz Cinema this morning . . . . . .

The children's reaction to the pictures was worthy of note. They cheered the accidents and laughed when an elderly cyclist wobbling over the road caused a collision ending in the death of one boy and the maiming of another.—*Belfast Telegraph.* (J. Jenkins).

The——Branch of Old Age Pensioners met . . . on Thursday and listened with interest to Dr. ——. Several members are still ill.—*Cardiff and Suburban News.* (I. A. Sparkes).

THE KEY TO THE ICE-BOX

PUTTING them "in the ice-box" was the late Lord Stamp's euphemistic description of the practice by which industrial concerns buy up and shelve new discoveries which may prove embarrassing. He intervened in a debate at the British Association on the stultification of invention to argue that a big concern had to decide whether it was "economic" to allow the introduction of a new process before the existing process was obsolete. He was extremely plausible; but, as I asked him at the time, who held the key to the ice-box? Was it the shareholders who were collecting fat dividends because the existing process had no competitor? Was it the worker who, if it were a labour-saving device, would be threatened with unemployment? Was it the public who might benefit from the new discovery? The gas interests who held up the Wellsbach mantle because they thought it would use less gas than the gas-jet? The button manufacturers, who, in 1879, blocked the zip-fastener, which did not become commercial until 1918?

There are, of course, thousands of other instances. In the U.S.A., where the libel laws are not so sensitive about the marauding activities of patent-kidnappers, the Federal Communications Commission in 1937 declared that the Bell Telephone System suppressed 3,400 unused patents to forestall competition. In this country cases are legion; and the methods used are manifold. If a free-lance inventor has something which looks like being awkward, the interests concerned will discreetly buy up his patent—if he has had the foresight to apply for one before he confides in a commercial sponsor. They will probably do some development work on it, take out modification patents and so on to entrench it against competitors. They may then call in an impressive consultant to convince the insistent inventor that there are flaws, and then they will discover that there is "no commercial demand." It goes in the ice-box. But in many cases the discoveries are made by companies' own research staffs, who are investigating, on salary, alternative methods and processes. In such cases the patent will be taken out in the name of the staff employee, who will get a token payment—usually a few shillings—but the patent will belong to the company to be used at its discretion. Sir Ambrose Fleming, who first invented the thermionic valve which is the basis of all broadcasting and most of our modern telecommunications, got for it only his salary as consultant to the Marconi Company.

Another method is "starving out" the patent. It is extremely difficult to get finance for a new idea or enough money to carry it through the expensive development stage. As Mr. Charles Kettering, director of research of U.S. General Motors has said: "Bankers regard research as most dangerous and a thing which makes banking hazardous, due to the rapid changes it brings about." They are not inclined to nourish the viper. Or again, there is the "blocking" patent. Radio, television and most modern fields of development are regular minefields of patents designed only to prevent the "other fellow" from getting past. Sometimes it is a scientific discovery, freely disclosed, in the scientific tradition, in some learned journal; someone with a commercial instinct—ignoring the scientist—will give it a practical twist and take out a specification on the off-chance. One of the most notorious patents of this kind involved the innocent Professor Steenbock, who, over twenty years ago, protected his discovery that exposing certain foodstuffs to ultra-violet light would make them an active source of Vitamin D. He had no financial motive; his idea was to discourage quackery. An American university farmed the rights. Then the British National Institute for Medical Research discovered synthetic Vitamin D (calciferol) by treating sterols with ultra-violet. A watch-glassful of calciferol crystals would give protection against rickets to a million children a day. But on this, as on other similar products, a royalty was levied. And it is reckoned that many million dollars have been collected as a ransom on rickets.

The problem is a difficult one for scientists. The academic research-worker seeks only privacy in publication. His reward is the acceptance and esteem of his fellows. His ethic forbids the patenting of a piece of original knowledge. When the Curies discovered radium, they received an offer from an American firm for the information on how to treat pitchblende and extract radium. They could have taken out a patent and become the proprietors of radium. Marie Curie immediately said: "It is impossible. It would be contrary to the scientific spirit. If the discovery has a commercial future, that is an accident. Radium is going to be of use in treating disease and we must not profit by it." They disclosed fully their methods. Twenty years later a charity fund of 100,000 dollars had to be raised in America to present Mme Curie with a gramme of radium which she desperately needed for her laboratory.

Radar is going to be the patent lawyers' Klondyke. I asked a famous scientist, deeply involved in its development, what his testimony would be if ever he was called as a witness. "I would have difficulty in choosing between Clerk Maxwell and Hertz—probably Hertz." Maxwell, over 70 years ago, made radar possible when he expounded his theory of electromagnetic waves. The fact that wireless waves are like light-waves, only different in length and invisible, means that they can be reflected. Hertz demonstrated that experimentally in his laboratory in the '80s. He noticed that radio waves echoed off the pillars of the room and erected a zinc-screen as a mirror. Radar is the echo-effect of radio waves. Neither of them—long since dead—had patents, of course, or would have dreamt of them, but all along the line are trip-wire patents.

Forty years ago, "Dangle," in a *Clarion* pamphlet, said: "It is easier to put butter out of a dog's reach than to get it out of its mouth." He preposed that the community should act as the trustee for new discoveries and prevent their abuse by "snatch-patents." Since science is international and fundamental knowledge inalienably the property of the world, such a trusteeship could only be on a world-scale. I contend that the trust should be vested in Unesco, which would automatically acquire the master-patent of any new discovery, freely published according to the scientific ethic. There would be no profit or financial consideration involved; the world-trust would, however, by owning the headwaters, prevent the damming by blocking patents of the stream of development. But, nationally, Britain has now taken a step of greatest significance in

the Development of Inventions Bill. Under it, a National Research Development Corporation is to be set up, with power to borrow up to £5,000,000. Its object is to promote discoveries and inventions for the development or exploitation of inventions resulting from public research and of any other invention . . . not being developed or exploited or sufficiently developed or exploited. It will consider the ingenious ideas of The Little Man; if they are *prima facie* promising, it will undertake their development and finance them through the trial stage until they are industrially and commercially practical.

The Bill means that ideas that might have been shelved or shanghaied will get their chance. It goes further: the Corporation is the trustee for the discoveries of Government scientists—and the Government is far and away the biggest employer of research workers. In the past, Government research stations have had no means of implementing their discoveries; they were the servants—in terms of basic research—of private industry. I have seen discoveries of major importance languishing in Government laboratories because commercial firms were not interested. Now the Research Corporation will be able to develop pilot-plants, work out the technology on a practical scale, and prove that the processes are industrially practicable and economically possible. Then, if private commerce will not take them up, it may promote them by Government initiative. It has been the contention of some of us that just as important as the nationalisation of established industries and services is the nationalisation *ab initio* of future industries, the industries of The Scientific Revolution. Already the future power source, atomic energy, is nationalised, and through the National Research Corporation secondary industries can be public enterprises. We shall not have to "take the butter out of the dog's mouth." This important Bill provides us with the key to Lord Stamp's ice-box.

RITCHIE CALDER

AS POLAND SEES IT

(From a Correspondent.)

POLAND, which so short a time ago held a threat of political and economic crisis in the most extreme forms, to-day regards crises in other countries calmly—secure and confident in her own stability. Maybe she is even a little smug, as individuals are inclined to be with new and unaccustomed possessions. While most Poles are rather fatalistic about war, no excitement was aroused by the events in Prague, nor by the election campaign in Italy. Uneasiness, however, is felt about Western Union, as it would be about any Western organisation which seemed to be anti-Soviet in its content and which involved a revival of Western German industry. Poles of all shades of opinion—including Catholic newspapers which seldom express agreement with the Government—argue that any coalition directed against the Soviet Union will in the end devour them. And they are afraid that the German appetite will again be insatiable. Why Britain, who (they feel) shared the suffering meted out by the Germans during the last war, cannot see what to them is beyond argument, Poles cannot understand.

For all their anti-Russian tradition, the Poles have learned to feel quite secure with the Soviet Union on their border. And this change of attitude, they argue, has very concrete origins: only the Soviet Union has consistently supported the Western frontiers and only the Soviet Union has consistently fought against building up German heavy industry, in which they see an inevitable danger of a new aggression. The latest trade and credit agreement with the U.S.S.R. has confirmed a feeling of confidence which may be grudging, but is actual, nevertheless. Even those Poles who were reared from infancy on the "two-enemy" theory, with emphasis always on the alleged enemy to the East, now admit that, in the three years since liberation, the Soviet Union has given Poland security rather than endangered it, and has scrupulously avoided any act that might have injured the very considerable Polish national pride.

While a sentimental feeling for America—almost everyone seems to have a relative in Detroit—and a rather affectionate tolerance for Americans as high-spirited children, prevents many Poles from believing that the Marshall Plan is the monstrosity a good portion of the press tells them it is, the conviction is growing here that the decision to stay out of it was wise. Yet few Poles will now admit that they are anti-American. They see two Americas. First, the America of workers and farmers and intellectuals and technicians and housewives whom they hope Wallace will lure, like a political Pied Piper, under a vast umbrella labelled "peace." And then they see the America of the Truman Doctrine, of the combination of bankers and industrialists and military men who, they are convinced, are leading America and Britain and all of the world into another war. Hence one finds in the Polish press a constant, unrelaxing, carefully argued line against the Marshall Plan, with its political and economic implications constantly underlined; against American adventures in Greece and China, in Spain and Italy, in Palestine and Turkey. And it must be admitted that when the American Ambassador to Warsaw, Mr. Stanton Griffis, addressed a recent press conference for the Polish papers, he did not make out a very good case for his Government. For while he suggested that Poland would have gained enormous but unspecified benefits from Marshall aid, to which "the door was still open," he could not deny that such aid implied removal of the Communists from the Polish Government. The journalists smiled. Even the Socialists admit that, while they have contributed the humanism, it is the Communists who have supplied the dynamism which has carried Poland to its present state of economic equilibrium. To substitute the uncertain advantages of Marshall aid for the now certain advantages brought to his Government by Mr. Minc, the Minister of Industry and a member of the Polish Workers Party, would seem a most precarious gamble to any Pole who has tried to find out what makes his Government, and the economy it directs, "tick."

Poles in official circles are proud of the fact that Poland's economic achievements have been recognised even in the most conservative quarters in Britain. What they are looking for—and what they insist they have not yet found—is recognition of the reasons for these successes. The Polish workers have an immense national pride: that is true. But they always have had. They are cocky and daring and willing to tackle the impossible—qualities noted in Polish pilots during the war and certainly not new among the workers. The physical energy of the people is immense. But it always has been; and, if anything, it has been weakened by years of occupation and by the difficult conditions of post-war life. Why then, the successes? The answer my official friends insist, is not mysterious. It is simply that, after creating the requisite conditions through a thorough agrarian reform and a nationalisation of industry, the Government has canalised the energy, the national pride, the romanticism, the mental and physical capacities of the population into the fulfilment of an economic plan. The plan, they explain, is workable and, what is equally important, it is understandable by every individual: it is "to raise the living standard of the working people above the pre-war level."

Whether or not this is an official over-simplification, it may be useful to summarise what the Poles have accomplished since their Government refused to join the Marshall Plan discussions last July. During that period commercial agreements have been concluded or renewed with fifteen countries, including Great Britain and the Soviet Union, France and Czechoslovakia, Italy, Sweden, Jugoslavia, the Soviet and American zones of Germany, Denmark, Hungary and Switzerland. While some agreements run for as long as five years, the bulk of trade foreseen during a one-year period from the date of each signature is around 600 million dollars. Thus, trade contracted for during this nine-month period is greater than Poland's trade from the liberation until July, 1947. Total turnover, which for 1947 was around 500 million dollars, is conservatively expected to reach 1,200 million dollars this year. And separate from, although parallel to, the trade treaties, are credit agreements for investment goods worth between 600 and 700 million dollars—including 450 millions' worth of installations for key industries to come from the Soviet Union during an eight-year period; 150 millions from Czechoslovakia within five years, and 60 millions from France.

The point that is made here with monotonous regularity is that the agreements are all the result of hard bargaining between equal partners, that no unacceptable political or economic terms have been imposed by either side in any case. And, incidentally, no attempt is made to hide official and unofficial pleasure that the agreement with Britain promises to bring even greater fruits this year than foreseen last June when it was first signed. Searching for bright spots in this post-war world, many Poles are saying that, as long as sane relations with Britain can be maintained, much of the aggressive sound emanating from America can be written off as pre-election sword-rattling.

The production plan was fulfilled in 1947 by 103 per cent., and present indications are that results this year will be at least as good. Coal output enabled 18 million tons to be exported—an amount which is expected to increase this year to at least 23.5 million, of which the share of Western Europe and the Scandinavian countries will increase from 38 to 49 per cent. In agriculture, with the help of 600,000 tons of grain received since last July from the Soviet Union, and an expected good harvest, this year should bring self-sufficiency to Poland, and may even restore her food export position. This year 84.2 per cent. of the entire arable land will be under cultivation; this is at least one million hectares more than last year, although production per hectare is still below pre-war. The traditionally "backward" Polish peasant, however, is losing his fear of machines in general and of tractor stations in particular. At least half of the communities in the country will have available to them this year agriculture machine stations, some containing tractors alone, some also sowing, threshing and other machines. Output should benefit; and, with electrification, the peasant is beginning to regard himself as a "modern man." In 1947 alone 1,300 villages were electrified, considerably more than in the entire twenty-year period between the wars.

The countryside, ravished by war, is dotted with tidy new houses built from the bricks of Warsaw ruins and from timber and other materials bought and paid for by the peasants, often without waiting for State credits to materialise. It is estimated that 90 per cent. of the half million destroyed farms have been reconstructed—many of them only provisionally, but habitably nevertheless, and suitably as a base for agricultural production.

Wages have risen in relation to prices by some 20 per cent. Recently the base for income tax exemptions was increased by 50 per cent., with leaders of work competitions required to pay only 30 per cent. of their normal tax. This month, too, sugar, groats, potatoes, textiles and hosiery came off the ration. This is not to say that the workers are richly or even adequately paid, or that prices are sufficiently low to place within the range of a family all of those objects it needs in order to live decently. It does, however, show that the trend of prices is downward and of wages upward. And, with this background, there is every reason to believe that the production plan for 1948, which calls for an overall increase of 23 per cent., will materialise, with an analogous increase in workers' earnings.

Warsaw, April.

SLAUGHTER IN THE ANTARCTIC

THE recent Falkland Islands incident has once again thrown into relief the importance of whaling as an international interest. Some ten per cent. of the world production of edible oils comes from whales, but under present conditions this source is rapidly running dry. For a decade before 1939, when the whales were reprieved by the Second World War, whaling was an international industry conducted on cut-throat lines. Quick profits were sought by all the participants at whatever cost to whale stocks, and there were many of experience who said that the respite afforded by the war came none too soon. Optimism ran high that, left alone for five or six years, the big whales—the Fin and Blue species most useful to man, and which can breed at the age of two—would be able to multiply sufficiently to make good the dreadful slaughter of the past. That this was unjustified was proved by the results of the first post-war whaling campaign from Europe in 1945-6. Hampered by hasty preparations, the inadequacy of vessels and equipment, and above all by adverse weather conditions, the whalers returned with only a meagre catch; they had found that their quarry had far from made good the industry's earlier ravages upon their numbers, while many of the whales encountered were generally under-sized.

To take the place of the world "free-for-all" in the icy waters along the South Polar ice-cap, came the apparently orderly campaign conducted by joint British and Norwegian fleets. Sponsored by our Ministry of Food (which promised to buy the entire yield) but still run by private enterprise, this and the two subsequent campaigns seemed at first to indicate that we had at last seen the folly of uncontrolled and haphazard whaling. But a dangerously high target had been set. If the initial fleet did not do much harm, the second, in 1946-7, took a heavy toll within the limit of 16,000 Blue whale units fixed by international protocol in London in 1945. For this purpose, a Blue whale unit equals 2 Fin or 6 Sei whales, varying according to the size of the different oil-bearing species. The 1946-7 catch was quite heavy enough, and the current campaign which ended officially, after four months' work, on April 7th, looks like securing the permitted maximum, which has long been regarded as excessively high. Seventeen separate but loosely co-ordinated fleets, including one Russian, one Dutch and two Japanese, hoped to secure between them some three million barrels of oil, to say nothing of much meat and a wide range of valuable by-products. British and Norwegian yields in an average pre-war year were some 1,800,000 barrels. Expert reports from South Africa declare that, if the destruction continues on this scale, the whales will very quickly become extinct.

The truth is that, however organised the fleets may be, the setting of high catch targets and the unrestricted operation of Japanese whalers will have the same result as the pre-1939 scramble—possibly in as short a time as was previously feared by the whalemen themselves. The demand for easy profits may have been overshadowed by the desperate need for more oil and meat to feed Europe, but the staking of nationalistic claims has already begun, and the outlook is unpropitious. The participation of Japanese whaling ships has caused much controversy, in which the chief issue has sometimes been overlooked.

Japan entered the industry in 1934 for the first time, soon to be followed by Germany. Her annual oil production grew rapidly, and by 1938-9 had reached 857,625 barrels. This was when the yields from European fleets were steadily falling owing to the decrease in large whales. Japanese ships hunted without restriction, and their ruthless methods gave their country an extremely bad name in established whaling circles. Their ships are manned largely by boys and youths who lack the experience required to leave alone the under sized, the female, and, most important of all, the pregnant whales. By general agreement no whale under forty feet long, or about half its eventual length, is taken on economic grounds alone. And to kill pregnant whales, for which single young are the rule, is obviously to court disaster. The Japanese ignored these conditions, and the average production of their factory ships has always been well below half that of the European vessels. After the war Australia claimed the Japanese whaling fleet as part of reparations. This was strongly opposed by America; and finally, under the benign approval of General MacArthur, the ex-enemy whalers were again allowed to operate more or less as they chose, in spite of protests from the other interested nations.

Whaling to-day has become almost too coldly scientific. The use of ever larger and better equipped factory ships, with their spotting seaplanes and their plant for refrigerating and dehydrating whale meat, together with the attendant flotillas of fast catcher ships launching delayed-action explosive harpoons, leaves little to chance. Technique is constantly being improved; one of the latest ideas is for the electrocution of whales instead of killing by harpoon, a more humanitarian but difficult modification of the method of destruction dictated by the present wastage of damaged meat. Before the war, however, this growing efficiency in hunting was not met by an increased catch per boat, so seriously was the whale population suffering. Fats are, of course, vital to the world to-day while whale meat is a nutritive article of diet. But if we are not to risk for all time this valuable but limited natural harvest, we shall have to act effectively and quickly.

DAVID GUNSTON

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

SOME weeks ago, prompted by a talk by Dr. Bronowski, I wrote on the B.B.C.'s duty towards science or, rather, towards enlightening us on science. In a remarkable series of five talks, *The Common Sense of Science*, Dr. Bronowski has himself come to the rescue. He is a most persuasive broadcaster; his style is intimate, even ingratiating—you might almost call him the whispering baritone of the Third Programme; you feel with him, as with no other speaker at present on the air, that he is speaking in confidence to you alone. He is a master of lucid exposition and at the same time he commands the eloquence of moral passion. The combination of these qualities makes *The Common Sense of Science* as memorable a series of talks as, I imagine, has ever been broadcast. I suspect it stemmed out of *The Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians*, for one of the views which Dr. Bronowski has been at pains to correct is the Victorian mechanistic, determinist conception of science which still largely dominates the minds of the non-scientific. He has done so by giving us a sketch of the history of science since Newton and of its relationship to the arts and society. But the talks have not been simply historical, for what Dr. Bronowski is really concerned with is the rift between science and society which expresses itself in the prevalent notion that in science lies our doom. Against that fear Dr. Bronowski upholds the idea of the unity of culture; he has striven to show that science is a language which may be learned by the intelligent non-specialist precisely as the language of literature or the language of painting may be. He has performed an important work of synthesis and restated the idea of progress at a time when the dominant mood is despair.

But these talks have been heard only by listeners to the Third Programme. Possibly the B.B.C. considers Third Programme listeners an *élite*; if that is so, then its membership is controlled as much by the listener's geographical position as by his superior taste. But the content of *The Common Sense of Science* is altogether too urgent to be restricted to the members of an *elite*. One would have thought the proper place for these talks was after the nine o'clock news on Sunday evenings. In any case, should not the lost hour of broadcasting be restored to the Home Service as well as to the other programmes, if only to defeat the limitations of geography and to allow listeners who cannot get the Third Programme to hear repeats of some of its more significant broadcasts?

Another current series of Third Programme talks which should be available to a wider audience is Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's *Public Pleasures*. Mr. Guthrie is also a virtuoso at the microphone, but in a way very different from Dr. Bronowski. I would not say that he is ingratiating; his style is mannered to the point of affectation; indeed, he uses his affectations as a form of shock tactics to hold the attention: one giggles as at the more extreme verbal excesses of Mr. Dylan Thomas and Mr. Noel Coward, both of which very different artists he manages to remind one of. What he is essentially at in these talks is the investigation of popular culture. So far, he has visited a First League soccer match in Manchester, a brass band contest in Bolton and a greyhound meeting. As impression his rendering of the atmosphere of a big football match was brilliant; he caught it exactly; but what was particularly fascinating was his discovery of the aesthetic qualities of the game, his realisation of it in terms of ballet. Soccer as an art-form, fans seen as *mænes*: did it, one wonders, come as a surprise to Third Programme listeners? Mr. Guthrie, at his first soccer match, made the discovery for himself and so, by implication, exposed the class structure of English culture. It would be a pity if the stratification of B.B.C. programmes into Light, Home and Third served merely to perpetuate that class structure. One way of lessening the likelihood of this is for talks like Dr. Bronowski's and Mr. Guthrie's to be broadcast in other programmes. If I played the euphonium in a West Riding brass band I'd want to hear Mr. Guthrie's appreciation of my non-Third Programme art on my own regional wavelength.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Roosevelt Story," at the Empire
"No Orchids for Miss Blandish," at the Plaza
"Danny Kaye Programme," at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road

A worthy American film and an unworthy English one both make claims on the news column. Was Roosevelt a great man or not? There would seem to me only one possible answer to this question, but others (with no political axe to grind) argue differently. The film at the Empire, made up from newsreels, is not for them. Partly it is the story of Roosevelt himself, partly a story of the New Deal and America's share in the Second World War. The two in fact are identified; voices of the people, the depression, the average boy and girl, picked out from a bread-line or a cheering crowd, help in the American way to foster an illusion—if illusion it is. Pretending to neither intimacy nor criticism, the film supports legend: a tribute of this kind could hardly do otherwise. It also lets slip its own evidence. One knows the criticisms; one recalls the technique of large-heartedness—never name an opponent, steal the camera eye with a movement, identify policy with the will of God and the people. Nearer home Mr. Churchill has shown a similar instinct or proficiency. One waits for, and gets, a well-advertised mother, a well-slandered dog. But the effect of all this, backed by events, is to increase affection and strengthen confidence. It isn't mere demagogy that sets Roosevelt against the background of national recovery, Hitler ascendant, D-day, and the atom bomb. They even in retrospect overawe, he reassures. Of the three statesmen who met at Yalta, one remains to agitate the world, one busily writes the history to which he belongs, and the third who might have made the peace easier is dead except in influence. Perhaps he was, as some of the critics claim, a big charmer, an indecisive resounding man lucky in the event. But the luck lasted a lifetime, and what moved me in *The Roosevelt Story* was certainly not the moderate skill of its making.

There has been such a raising of shocked voices over *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*—with the inevitable

public rush to see what it is all about—that I am reluctant to add even a whisper of comment. What a spring cleaning over a speck of dirt! Here is a third-hand, third-rate picture of gangster life with, it is true, more brutalities than usual but so palpably stagey that it wouldn't scare a chicken. As for sadism: well, look the word up in the medical dictionary, for it doesn't apply. (The book, I believe, was another matter.) So let Miss Blandish spring out of her high apartment window, and let the watch committees howl; if they trouble to inspect what they are howling about, they are in for a shabby disappointment.

For a week or so Danny Kaye is my favourite comedian. I missed seeing this inspired chump in the flesh, but two of the three "shorts" in the Cameo programme keep me going. His talent is for the night-club extravagance, the babble song. *Cupid Takes a Bow* may not be up to Laurel and Hardy or the late W. C. Fields, but it is, in its sketchy, gesturing way, the real thing.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

ART

Barbara Hepworth. Lawrence Gowing

The most uncompromising exponent of abstract form in this country has abandoned her position, at any rate for the time being. There is, of course, no reason why an artist's vision should coincide for long with the verbal terms which are invented to describe it: henceforth Miss Barbara Hepworth will presumably move at will between an abstract and a realistic mode. Nevertheless, it is good to find her drawing the human figure. I shall be surprised if in future her abstract work ousts realistic images completely. Surely she will now agree that they do not preclude such abstract qualities as *colour* and *form*. Even Ruskin recognised the abstract element in painting in his phrase: "the abstract glory of colour and form."

In her show at the Lefevre Miss Hepworth has 31 drawings of surgeons at work in the operating theatre; also some line drawings of nudes. All are executed in pencil on painted boards; a pencil drawing on paint must be difficult and unpleasant to do and the resulting line is not always adequately expressive. But she helps herself out by scraping through to a lighter underpainting. Although this brings her figures into relief she is surely scraping too much: the achievement of a mottled texture by scratching all over her boards contributes a decorative, non-functional element. Her surgeons, all eyes and hands, are intently grouped about invisible patients. Pale, "abstract" wounds are sometimes just discernible beneath the complicated hands—hands which somehow seem to have foregathered in groups on their own, like birds, and quite independent of their white-looming owners. For a sculptress who has been exclusively preoccupied with such cold, elemental rhythms as sea-washed rocks and pebbles display, a rediscovery of the world of human kind by way of the operating theatre seems curiously appropriate. The white uniforms, the ritual and silence provide a mood and setting that is perfectly in harmony with her formal gift.

Her catalogue calls these works "Paintings and Drawings." But they are not paintings: they are still sculptor's drawings, if not "drawings for sculpture." The white-capped figures are solid in such a way that one regards each separately, as though each was an isolated sculptural form. Although they are grouped they are not pictorially composed: there is not that special interaction between each form and the picture frame which all forms in a painting must have. Nor do their delicate, economical outlines fulfil the function assigned to outlines in painting: they do not define in two directions at once. That is to say they only define inwards: they define the individual forms they enclose. They are not—as all outlines in painting must be—equally definitive of the space *between* the solid figures.

The paintings at the Leicester Galleries by Mr. Lawrence Gowing are perfectly straightforward. Anyone should be able to appreciate that patience, great skill and, indeed, much positive learning have gone to their making. These are qualities we associate by now with the name "Euston Road" and Mr. Gowing is one of four outstanding members of that school. But why are such virtues still so unproductive of the real excitement that it is legitimate to expect to encounter in painting? Is it inherent in this whole approach that it somehow restricts impulses which brush and palette should release in a man? Or is there a mental tyranny which obliges these painters to "stick to appearances" where others give as much as they take from the visible scene? Gowing seeks to register appearances with the minimum of structural distortion. Those of his contemporaries who accept the standpoint of modern French masters actually *begin* with the impulse to distort. Gowing tries not to countenance it at all: his visual reporting is in terms of tentative but persistent flat touches, of which the tone is more important than the colour. A series of little statements settle down closer and closer, until the face or leafy bough looms up, as it were, *through* them. But these images, when they arrive, are distressingly ordinary. The form of face or tree has not been felt or imagined: it has only been seen, photographed. Surely *feeling* for a form invariably causes an artist to distort it?

PATRICK HERON

THE THEATRE

THE confusion that reigns in the post-war theatre is fairly represented by the events of the last few weeks. The two most interesting plays we have had this year, *Cockpit* and *Rocket to the Moon*, failed, for quite different reasons, to win public support and had to be withdrawn; a commercial comedy built on well-tried formulae established itself near Shaftesbury Avenue; the Boltons and the New Lindsey do their inevitably limited best this month to provide substitutes for the two good plays withdrawn; while a French company enlivened us with some polished stylised acting. Unfortunately instead of giving us something like Camus's *Caligula*, they gave us some charming light Vaudeville, a burlesque melodrama, and the dusty twenties play, *Liliom*.

Rocket to the Moon and *Cockpit* ought somehow to have found more support although the public is not entirely to blame for their not doing so. *Rocket to the Moon* was a brilliant play with Yolande Donlan as a sort of Bronx Rebecca West. But it was written presumably for Bronx actors and we could not find the players even to approximate to the pace and the lilt the lines required. Our actors to-day have a very limited range. It does not, for instance, include miming which one only sees here now in music-hall clowns like the brilliant little Johnny Puleo in the Palladium bill. Mime is essential for Obey's *Lucrece* which, if it went on just anywhere in the West End, would fail for exactly the same reasons as *Rocket to the Moon*. It is right outside our tradition, and the brave Boltons production this month inevitably gives only a rough idea of a most interesting play in which the range of acting chances is particularly wide. Miss Irene Worth takes many of them with passion and dignity as Lucrece; Mr. Michael Goodliffe looks magnificent as Tarquin. But when it comes to the expressive movements, to "the stealthy pace," to "Tarquin's ravishing strides," then it is that we wish that the Grenier-Hussenot Company had been at the Boltons instead of at the Saville. The commentators, too, who are used to preserve the unity of place, seemed to me to miss the mark. They over-poeticised lines that could not (and weren't surely meant to) bear the weight of the Shakespearean voice. But this is a most interesting production and the Boltons are to be congratulated on tackling it.

The failure of *Cockpit* is less easy to explain for it provided a most exciting evening in the theatre. I think it is attributable to the fact that it was in the last analysis only journalism. Its technical innovations were derived from work done with A.B.C.A. during the war, which built up a tradition of lively and moving documentary. But I am not convinced—to

BUTTERWORTH SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS

RESEARCH

A Journal of Science and its Applications

The April issue includes:

RECENT ADVANCES IN ELECTRON MICROSCOPY, *by V. E. Cosslett.*

PHYSICAL APPROACH TO CONTACT CATALYSIS, *by D. D. Eley.*

STUDY OF ANTHELMINTICS, *by G. Lapage.*

GERMAN SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS TODAY, *by W. T. Cooper.*

Annual Subscription
In U.K. **45s.** *post free.*

BUTTERWORTHS SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS LTD.
BELL YARD :: TEMPLE BAR :: W.C.2

To inherit the earth is not enough

Millions will starve this year, while millions more go hungry. Why? Because the majority of the world's farmers are attempting to solve the world's food crisis with the ancient methods of only scratching the reluctant land with an implement *trailing* from either animal or vehicle.

SOLUTION: With the revolutionary Ferguson System of *complete* farm mechanisation, enough food *can* be produced.

The Ferguson System enables farmers to produce *more* food at *less* cost from every available acre and so help to reduce the cost of living. It can actually produce as much as *ten times* more food from some areas of the land.

*Every week more than 1,000 Ferguson Tractors are produced by the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., and more than 5,000 Ferguson Implements by the foremost British manufacturers.

Inserted in the public interest by Harry Ferguson Ltd., Coventry BIA

Whether you want to put your pals right at the club or prove your foes wrong at the local; mount the soap box in Hyde Park or descend on your Honourable Friend across the floor—make sure you get your facts right.

With KEESING'S up your sleeve you will no longer be cornered for the want of facts, because this reference tool will never let you down on all the important questions which affect our country and the world.

You will always be right up to the mark, because every week a fresh supplement is added to your book of words covered by an alphabetical Index, which is reborn twenty-six times a year.

There is no talk through any hat
Which KEESING'S cannot make fall flat,
Enabling you to think and act
Based not on fiction but on fact.

Keesing's Publ. Ltd., Keynsham, Bristol
Please supply free details of your service.
Name.....
Address..... N.St.14

be brief on a subject that deserves more than brevity—that the public would not be right in resisting the invasion of the theatre by documentary, supposing it had done anything so conscious as that. Another documentary, much less good, appears at the New Lindsay. *The Burning Bush* is the dramatisation of the trial of six Hungarian Jews on the charge of ritual murder with the evidence faked and the court dominated by a Facist bully. As in *Cockpit* the audience is engaged in the action; there is no curtain; we are present at the actual trial and sitting with us are a group of interruptors and agitators who at the end of the second act break out from among us, rush the stage and smash up vital evidence. A "living moment" is made excitingly and horrifyingly alive. But, alas, even the most vivid journalism does not linger long in the memory; for it is not primed, as is a work of art, with those small delayed-action charges that explode in our consciousness long after we have experienced it.

So to the one "success" of the last three weeks, *Little Lambs Eat Ivy*. This comedy exemplifies in all points what critics mean when they use the word commercial in a bad sense. It is quite simply a re-arrangement of all the popular comedy clichés of the last twenty years, aiming at nothing but success and knowing exactly how to hit that bull's eye. The characters, the situations, the "wit," have all been tried out before and worked so well that, given good acting and production, they can't fail. The acting of a comparatively unknown cast is extremely efficient. Miss Joan Haythorne's is something more; it has style.

T. C. WORSLEY

MUSIC

A new composition by Lennox Berkeley was heard recently over the air, a setting of four poems by Saint Teresa for contralto and string orchestra, admirably sung by Kathleen Ferrier. There is no happier or more attractive talent than his in contemporary English music, and his long neglect by the recording companies and the British Council is something of a scandal; I hear that records have at last been made of his Divertimento, and I hope that this is only a beginning. Sensitive, unforced, always "musical" in the sense that we call an artist "painterly," Lennox Berkeley knows just what he wants to say and says it without emphasis, fuss or irrelevant paraphernalia. Occasionally a certain thinness can still be felt; after a good many hearings I find the Piano Sonata not altogether free from this fault, which is perhaps due to the fact that the composer is not himself an accomplished pianist. On the other hand, his orchestral writing (more particularly for strings) shows a freedom and resourcefulness, a sunny inventiveness and lack of strain, which place such works as the Symphony, the Divertimento and the String Serenade in a category now sadly underestimated: their aim is neither to impress nor to argue, but simply to give pleasure to the cultivated ear, and it is characteristic of our age to suspect such an aim of triviality.

The Saint Teresa settings, like the *Stabat Mater*, have extended his previous range, and contain much that is new and striking, sometimes at a first hearing uncharacteristic; the first song, for instance, has a harmonic bareness and a rhythmical pulse which recall some of Britten's Donne sonnets. The second and third of the set are immediately captivating; the one a fresh and tender pastoral aubade, the other a gravely beautiful meditation. Sometimes the fluent skill of the string writing makes the vocal line seem, by contrast, stiff and archaic, without bloom, unwarmed by the southern sun: an almost universal failing, this, among English composers—what a pity we have no *prix de Rome!* The same programme also contained a charming and very well-written Sinfonietta by Bernard Stevens.

Irmgard Seefried, remembered as a light-weight but delectable Fiordiligi in the Viennese *Così fan tutte*, gave a first recital at the Wigmore Hall which suggests that she may some day come to take the place of Elisabeth Schumann in our affections as a Lieder singer. She is very young and very charming, and possesses a voice of the most delicious liquid quality and of a memorably personal timbre, each note struck precisely, as though by a little hammer. There is still much that is immature in her technique and style; for example, her breathing is shallow and noisy, and her enunciation occasionally slipshod; nor does she always understand how to round off her songs with the absolute finality of a Gerhardt or a Plunket Greene. If she is wise she will labour to correct these flaws. Meanwhile, she already gives exquisite pleasure to the ear; and to the heart, too, in such a piece as Wolf's *Verlassene Mägdlein*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BALLET

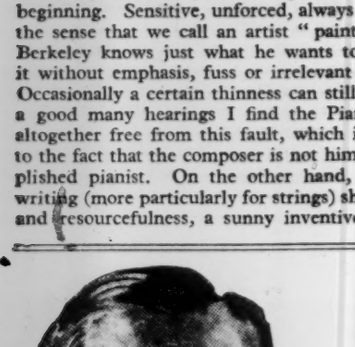
It is always a pleasure to see the lively young dancers of the Sadler's Wells second company, who are becoming extremely good. John Cranko no longer belongs to them, for he was promoted six months ago to the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, but he is still very much in the spirit of the Wells, and though almost a veteran choreographer, with four ballets to his credit, he is still only twenty. His most ambitious ballet, *Children's Corner*, to Debussy's music, is an ingenious and charming fantasia which, with the exception of the Wooden Doll, who looked unnecessarily "expectant," is also charmingly dressed. The decor was by Jan de Witt, well-known as an illustrator of children's books. On a sandy plain, strewn with coloured balls or, better still, marbles, stood a strange scaffolding formed by a bunch of thorny stilts, supporting one end of a curved shoot, on the far end of which Mickey Mouse was precariously poised. The air was full of kites and incandescent insects—an intriguing corner of a child's landscape. Below the shoot, in a small pagoda on the stage, crouched the Monkey of Ukubaba, in life Annette Page, a small member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, who performed her antics very prettily. Effective elements of the design were shadows of varying density and dimension which stalked the backcloth, in emulation of their owners' evolutions on the stage. David Poole was excellent as the Golliwog, and Jane Shore as the Wooden Doll, Patricia Miller as Mlle. Piquant, Kenneth Macmillan as her Great Admirer, the Monkey and the Merry-go-Round Tinsel Fairies, formed with him a delightful company. The choreography is really very ingenious and amusing, and the ballet deserves a visit. It was quite a gala evening for South Africa, with John Cranko, David Poole, Patricia Miller and Maryon Lane very much in evidence.

David Poole took a principal part in three ballets, and danced extremely well. I wish there were more dancing, however, in *The Haunted Ballroom*. The Master of Tregennis is said to dance himself to death, but he is really rather done to death, in a very fatiguing way. David Poole has perhaps not yet quite enough stage presence for the part, but he looked and moved well. I was surprised to find that this ballet belongs to the year of *The Rake's Progress*, and is therefore four years younger than Job.

I don't know whether it was Leo Kersley's animal spirits which ran away with him in the Pas de Deux which he danced with Maryon Lane; but he danced in a gusty, wild-man style, quite out of keeping with classical ballet, and was, of course, fervently applauded. He once had grace; where is it now?

The best wine of the programme, Frederick Ashton's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, was served first. It is full of choreographic subtleties which one appreciates more each time one sees it. One of its delights is the young Australian, Elaine Fifield, who gives promise of being a really fine dancer. Her beautiful line, legs and feet, her agility and grace, are allied to a general sensibility of the whole body which is really extremely rare. She also danced the part of the girl in Cranko's *Tritsch-Tratsch* with charming and not exaggerated coquetry, partnered by Michael Boulton and Peter Darrell.

BERYL DE ZOETE



"My parishioners have you to thank for many mellow sermons composed in quietude and the aroma of 'Punchbowle'." *From a Midland Vicarage*

JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), **Punchbowle** (*full*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*), **1 oz. 4 3/4d.**

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SIR ERNEST BENN'S SPEECH

POLITICS AND BUSINESS

At the annual general meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution held on April 21, the chairman, Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt., said:

The triennium ended on December 31 is one of which the institution is entitled to be extremely proud. New business figures of sums assured and premium income have made spectacular advances and constitute an all-time record. Our investments and properties have a market value very considerably above the figures entered in the balance-sheet, and we are in a position to contemplate with equanimity the prospect of a return to more normal price levels and an end of unhealthy, low rates of interest. Claims paid during the triennium have produced to the assured, or their representatives, an average return of compound interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum net.

Our actuary's valuation has enabled us to make a 20 per cent. increase on the last rate of bonus. The 30s. per cent. per annum in the general section, with 32s. in the temperance section now announced, is in fact an understatement, doing less than justice to the real position, for by paying bonus on bonus, or compound bonus, our oldest policies will now be increased in respect of the last three years by no less than 80s. per cent. per annum upon the original sums assured. On the claims arising during 1947 from the deaths of members entitled to a share of profits, the original sums assured were increased by the very satisfactory figure of 60 per cent.

In recent years, especially since the war, government here and elsewhere has tended to pass into the hands of the non-believers in profit. The shape and character of the consequent economic revolution is slowly becoming clear. Values, previously thought to be essential, have been exchanged for theories, now undergoing the test of practical trial.

An effective monopoly of decision has been established in matters economic and our affairs are ordered for political rather than practical reasons. Whereas the State stood secure upon the credit of the citizen, now the citizen relies upon the credit of the State. With an altogether excessive proportion of the national income in the bottomless coffers of the State, people are invited to adjust their views and values to the new situation. Thus want has become of more importance than worth, and the fact that people are said to want something is widely accepted as proof of their right to have it; a cash value has been attached to the vote, and in consequence the coupon is becoming of greater value than the cash; the trade union ticket is more important than the craftsman's skill; and perhaps most significant of all, the creditor is at the mercy of the debtor. The old rule "No politics in business" has been rescinded and now there is almost no business but politics.

VALUE OF STERLING

Some part of our national difficulties is said to be due to the increase in other countries of the prices charged to us for our necessary purchases. Against that, however, must be placed our own failure to maintain the value of our own money. The root of the trouble is to be found in the inflationary policy pursued by the Government, especially in Mr. Dalton's deliberate creation in 1946 of some £600,000,000 of new money, for no better purpose than to satisfy his whim for a 2½ per cent. long-term rate of interest. The proceeds of the new "once-for-all" capital tax must be wholly devoted to the reduction of debt if the eloquence expended upon the fear of inflation is to be accepted as sincere.

Correspondence

"THE GODS ARE ATHIRST"

SIR,—In your article under the above heading you begin unexceptionably by quoting what I said. You proceed to offer a paraphrase: "fanatics always win and therefore the rest of us should abandon reason, tolerance and common sense." This you invite me to repudiate as bad history, bad Marxism and bad morality.

Of course I repudiate it. But I never said it. If to select an end and stick to it is to be a fanatic, then I am one and certainly prefer such fanaticism to the opportunism and careerism that characterises most politicians. But this does not commit me to the abandonment of reason, tolerance and common sense. I use such reason and common sense as I have to adapt available means to the Socialist end, and I tolerate those who co-operate in its achievement. I can conceive no reason why I should tolerate those who thwart it.

History, of course, can prove anything provided it is cut into the right lengths. By stopping short at the Edict of Nantes you can prove that the Third Force won after the French wars of religion. By continuing to Richelieu, Louis XIV and the revocation of the Edict I could prove that the Third Force lost and that fact made the French Revolution necessary.

Similarly the French Revolution can be made to prove one thing if we stop in 1793, another if we stop in 1794, and yet another if we regard it as a process still unfinished, and 1848, 1871 and 1917 as its legitimate continuation—as I do myself.

The view that the French Revolution, owing to the Mountain's bump of destruction, accomplished its task at infinitely greater cost than was really necessary is, of course, the stock view of Liberal writers from Macaulay on; but I am surprised that you should even incidentally label it Marxist. Marx, who calls Danton "the greatest master of revolutionary policy yet known" and recognises in Marat and Babeuf his own legitimate forerunners, can hardly be cited as a witness for the Liberal thesis. On the contrary, Marxists (and the same point is made by the anti-Marxist Kropotkin) that, even to carry through a middle-class revolution, the working class has to be mobilised and set to fight "the enemies of their enemies," as did the Levellers in the English Revolution and the *Enragés* in the French.

To cut the past and come to the present, you express a wish that Moscow would "seek co-operation with Western Socialists who also desire world Socialism." If by Western Socialists you mean Western Social Democratic leaders, I reply by asking you when, from 1945 on, those leaders have shown the slightest desire to co-operate with Moscow or anyone else in achieving world Socialism? One of the first things the Labour Government did was to protest to Czechoslovakia (before there was any question of a Communist "coup" there) against the nationalisation of industries in that country. Another was to continue without a break the Churchill policy of royalist intervention in Greece. It may be that our foreign policy is decided by the need of dollars—though I think there is more to it than that. Be that as it may, how can Moscow be asked to co-operate with it? How can any self-respecting Socialist, Western or Eastern, bring himself to co-operate with it?

I do not say that Moscow is never mistaken. I *do* say that a professing Socialist who fights Socialism in those countries where it has won power, and by so doing helps capitalism to save itself in those countries where it still retains power, *must* be mistaken. If to say that is called "blindly following the lead of Moscow," well—no doubt the English language needs revision! But I am an old Socialist, and know my friends from my foes, and can afford to laugh at the misdirected sneer.

53, Victoria Road, Oxford. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

SIR,—In his article "The Gods are Athirst," Mr. Kingsley Martin states that if Eastern Europe had accepted Marshall's proposal, Moscow could have led the way in outlining a Socialist plan for economic recovery.

In the *News Chronicle* of June 3rd last, Stuart Gelder, New York correspondent, refers to "America's determination to fight an economic war against Communism" and adds:

> Mr. Marshall used the occasion to serve notice to all European countries that they can expect no help or sympathy from America if they compromise with Communism even to the extent of including Communists in coalition governments.

Mr. Marshall is entitled to attach his own conditions to his offer, but the above report makes it clear that he had imposed a condition which he knew that Russia and the East European states could not accept. Confirmation of Mr. Marshall's intention is contained in his recent warning to Italy that if she votes Communist, she will be excluded from the Marshall Plan.

In these circumstances it seems unfair and perhaps dishonest to blame Russia for non-co-operation in the Plan, unless Mr. Kingsley Martin thinks that, in response to Mr. Marshall, Russia and the other Communist States ought to have abandoned Communism and adopted the American way of life.

F. O'HANLON.

[This misses the point. Though Mr. Marshall invited Eastern European Governments to co-operate in working out a recovery programme in Paris, it is, as Mr. Martin and our correspondent agree, unlikely that any American aid would have been given to any country that compromised with Communism. Therefore if Russia and Eastern Europe had come to Paris, America's bluff would have been called and Russia could have led Europe in a recovery plan for the whole of Europe without American aid.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS

SIR,—It is improbable that I should have held for three years the position of Assistant Professor of Apologetics at a famous Catholic University if I were, as Mr. Binns suggests, "very insecurely grounded in the doctrines of the Church." I am merely one of many thousand Catholics who believe that the Church has always lost by attempts to suppress criticism and has everything to gain by public discussion with our critics. That this view finds official support is obvious from the fact that Catholicism in recent years has four times been defended in published controversies, first by Monsignor R. A. Knox against the present writer before his conversion, and by the present writer against Dr. Cyril Joad, Professor J. B. S. Haldane and the late Dr. G. G. Coulton. My book with Haldane was published in the U.S.A. by Messrs. Sheed & Ward, the well-known Catholic publishers, and chosen as the "Catholic Book of the Month." I accepted Dr. Coulton's challenge to debate "Is the Catholic Church anti-social?" with the warm encouragement of the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The book is published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne, publishers to the Holy See. Incidentally, to anticipate from Dr. Coulton the criticism that I was merely voicing private opinions in those letters in which I defended a thesis very similar to that which surprised Mr. Binns, I submitted all my letters to the Censor.

My various attempts to induce a representative Communist, who would be accepted as such by the party, to debate some such subject as "Is Communism anti-social?" have all failed. As to "parental rights," I prefer facts to theorising. It is a fact that Catholic Eire, Catholic Quebec and the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland have such a keen sense of the parental rights of Protestant parents that Protestant schools are maintained by the State on the same terms as Catholic schools. I had a long discussion with the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster on this point, quoted in my book with Dr. Coulton. He held

Act Quickly with 'ASPRO' to stop SPRING COLDS

'ASPRO' wastes no time. **If YOU act quickly, you enable 'ASPRO' to act quickly on your behalf.** The Spring colds and rheumatic and neuralgic twinges current at the moment will not stand up to decisive action with 'ASPRO'. The change is soon apparent—the feverish, headachy, snuffly sensations go. **Often the cold symptoms will have come and gone in a matter of minutes.** Normal well-being returns and 'ASPRO', having done its work safely and surely, leaves no trace—**no harmful after-effects.** It is a fact that a **LITTLE** wisdom in time is worth more than a **LOT** of wisdom later. SO—

Keep 'ASPRO' handy during these TRICKY WEEKS

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks. ASPRO

Safe as the Bank

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES are a safe and profitable investment, and your Bank is ready to make it easy for you to buy them. Your Bank Manager will ask only for your signature on a Banker's Order form authorising either a single purchase of a block of National Savings Certificates, or a regular automatic monthly purchase of Certificates for as long as you wish.

You can now hold 1,000 10/- units of the new Certificates, and in 10 years this £500 will have grown to £650 free of tax. Secure for yourself this highly profitable gilt-edged investment by calling on your Bank Manager to-day.

SAVE—*The Bank Way*

Issued by the National Savings Committee

What, another new suit?

No, just a suit that *looks* new, thanks to University Tailors "Care of Clothes by Subscription" Service. Let us collect your clothes for dust-freeing, stain removing, minor renovations, re-shaping and tailor pressing every week, fortnight or month. We are also experts in TURNING GARMENTS.

Annual Subscriptions:
Weekly Service 20 gns. Fortnightly 11 gns. Monthly 6 gns. *Garments returned within one week unless major repairs required.*

UNIVERSITY TAILORS LTD
London, S.W.3

Please forward full particulars of The Care of Clothes by Subscription.

If previous subscriber tick here .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BUT-1

be brief on a subject that deserves more than brevity —that the public would not be right in resisting the invasion of the theatre by documentary, supposing it had done anything so conscious as that. Another documentary, much less good, appears at the New Lindsay. *The Burning Bush* is the dramatisation of the trial of six Hungarian Jews on the charge of ritual murder with the evidence faked and the court dominated by a Facist bully. As in *Cockpit* the audience is engaged in the action; there is no curtain; we are present at the actual trial and sitting with us are a group of interruptors and agitators who at the end of the second act break out from among us, rush the stage and smash up vital evidence. A "living moment" is made excitingly and horrifyingly alive. But, alas, even the most vivid journalism does not linger long in the memory; for it is not primed, as is a work of art, with those small delayed-action charges that explode in our consciousness long after we have experienced it.

So to the one "success" of the last three weeks, *Little Lambs Eat Ivy*. This comedy exemplifies in all points what critics mean when they use the word commercial in a bad sense. It is quite simply a re-arrangement of all the popular comedy clichés of the last twenty years, aiming at nothing but success and knowing exactly how to hit that bull's eye. The characters, the situations, the "wit," have all been tried out before and worked so well that, given good acting and production, they can't fail. The acting of a comparatively unknown cast is extremely efficient. Miss Joan Haythorne's is something more; it has style.

T. C. WORSLEY

MUSIC

A new composition by Lennox Berkeley was heard recently over the air, a setting of four poems by Saint Teresa for contralto and string orchestra, admirably sung by Kathleen Ferrier. There is no happier or more attractive talent than his in contemporary English music, and his long neglect by the recording companies and the British Council is something of a scandal; I hear that records have at last been made of his Divertimento, and I hope that this is only a beginning. Sensitive, unforced, always "musical" in the sense that we call an artist "painterly," Lennox Berkeley knows just what he wants to say and says it without emphasis, fuss or irrelevant paraphernalia. Occasionally a certain thinness can still be felt; after a good many hearings I find the Piano Sonata not altogether free from this fault, which is perhaps due to the fact that the composer is not himself an accomplished pianist. On the other hand, his orchestral writing (more particularly for strings) shows a freedom and resourcefulness, a sunny inventiveness and lack of strain, which place such works as the Symphony, the Divertimento and the String Serenade in a category now sadly underestimated: their aim is neither to impress nor to argue, but simply to give pleasure to the cultivated ear, and it is characteristic of our age to suspect such an aim of triviality.

The Saint Teresa settings, like the *Stabat Mater*, have extended his previous range, and contain much that is new and striking, sometimes at a first hearing uncharacteristic; the first song, for instance, has a harmonic bareness and a rhythmical pulse which recall some of Britten's Donne sonnets. The second and third of the set are immediately captivating; the one a fresh and tender pastoral aubade, the other a gravely beautiful meditation. Sometimes the fluent skill of the string writing makes the vocal line seem, by contrast, stiff and archaic, without bloom, unwarmed by the southern sun: an almost universal failing, this, among English composers—what a pity we have no *prix de Rome!* The same programme also contained a charming and very well-written Sinfonietta by Bernard Stevens.

Irmgard Seefried, remembered as a light-weight but delectable Fiordiligi in the Viennese *Così fan tutte*, gave a first recital at the Wigmore Hall which suggests that she may some day come to take the place of Elisabeth Schumann in our affections as a Lieder singer. She is very young and very charming, and possesses a voice of the most delicious liquid quality and of a memorably personal timbre, each note struck precisely, as though by a little hammer. There is still much that is immature in her technique and style; for example, her breathing is shallow and noisy, and her enunciation occasionally slipshod; nor does she always understand how to round off her songs with the absolute finality of a Gerhardt or a Plunket Greene. If she is wise she will labour to correct these flaws. Meanwhile, she already gives exquisite pleasure to the ear; and to the heart, too, in such a piece as Wolf's *Verlassene Mägdlein*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BALLET

It is always a pleasure to see the lively young dancers of the Sadler's Wells second company, who are becoming extremely good. John Cranko no longer belongs to them, for he was promoted six months ago to the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, but he is still very much in the spirit of the Wells, and though almost a veteran choreographer, with four ballets to his credit, he is still only twenty. His most ambitious ballet, *Children's Corner*, to Debussy's music, is an ingenious and charming fantasia which, with the exception of the Wooden Doll, who looked unnecessarily "expectant," is also charmingly dressed. The decor was by Jan de Witt, well-known as an illustrator of children's books. On a sandy plain, strewn with coloured balls or, better still, marbles, stood a strange scaffolding formed by a bunch of thorny stilts, supporting one end of a curved shoot, on the far end of which Mickey Mouse was precariously poised. The air was full of kites and incandescent insects—an intriguing corner of a child's landscape. Below the shoot, in a small pagoda on the stage, crouched the Monkey of Ukubaba, in life Annette Page, a small member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, who performed her antics very prettily. Effective elements of the design were shadows of varying density and dimension which stalked the backcloth, in emulation of their owners' evolutions on the stage. David Poole was excellent as the Golliwog, and Jane Shore as the Wooden Doll, Patricia Miller as Mlle. Piquant, Kenneth Macmillan as her Great Admirer, the Monkey and the Merry-go-Round Tinsel Fairies, formed with him a delightful company. The choreography is really very ingenious and amusing, and the ballet deserves a visit. It was quite a gala evening for South Africa, with John Cranko, David Poole, Patricia Miller and Maryon Lane very much in evidence.

David Poole took a principal part in three ballets, and danced extremely well. I wish there were more dancing, however, in *The Haunted Ballroom*. The Master of Tregennis is said to dance himself to death, but he is really rather done to death, in a very fatiguing way. David Poole has perhaps not yet quite enough stage presence for the part, but he looked and moved well. I was surprised to find that this ballet belongs to the year of *The Rake's Progress*, and is therefore four years younger than Job.

I don't know whether it was Leo Kersley's animal spirits which ran away with him in the Pas de Deux which he danced with Maryon Lane; but he danced in a gusty, wild-man style, quite out of keeping with classical ballet, and was, of course, fervently applauded. He once had grace; where is it now?

The best wine of the programme, Frederick Ashton's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, was served first. It is full of choreographic subtleties which one appreciates more each time one sees it. One of its delights is the young Australian, Elaine Fifield, who gives promise of being a really fine dancer. Her beautiful line, legs and feet, her agility and grace, are allied to a general sensibility of the whole body which is really extremely rare. She also danced the part of the girl in Cranko's *Tritsch-Tratsch* with charming and not exaggerated coquetry, partnered by Michael Boulton and Peter Darrell.

BERYL DE ZOETE

"My parishioners have you to thank for many mellow sermons composed in quietude and the aroma of 'Punch-bowle'." *From a Midland Vicarage*

JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), 1 oz. 4 3½d.

Company Meeting
UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SIR ERNEST BENN'S SPEECH

POLITICS AND BUSINESS

At the annual general meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution held on April 21, the chairman, Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt., said:

The triennium ended on December 31 is one of which the institution is entitled to be extremely proud. New business figures of sums assured and premium income have made spectacular advances and constitute an all-time record. Our investments and properties have a market value very considerably above the figures entered in the balance-sheet, and we are in a position to contemplate with equanimity the prospect of a return to more normal price levels and an end of unhealthy, low rates of interest. Claims paid during the triennium have produced to the assured, or their representatives, an average return of compound interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum net.

Our actuary's valuation has enabled us to make a 20 per cent. increase on the last rate of bonus. The 30s. per cent. per annum in the general section, with 32s. in the temperance section now announced, is in fact an understatement, doing less than justice to the real position, for by paying bonus on bonus, or compound bonus, our oldest policies will now be increased in respect of the last three years by no less than 80s. per cent. per annum upon the original sums assured. On the claims arising during 1947 from the deaths of members entitled to a share of profits, the original sums assured were increased by the very satisfactory figure of 60 per cent.

In recent years, especially since the war, government here and elsewhere has tended to pass into the hands of the non-believers in profit. The shape and character of the consequent economic revolution is slowly becoming clear. Values, previously thought to be essential, have been exchanged for theories, now undergoing the test of practical trial.

An effective monopoly of decision has been established in matters economic and our affairs are ordered for political rather than practical reasons. Whereas the State stood secure upon the credit of the citizen, now the citizen relies upon the credit of the State. With an altogether excessive proportion of the national income in the bottomless coffers of the State, people are invited to adjust their views and values to the new situation. Thus want has become of more importance than worth, and the fact that people are said to want something is widely accepted as proof of their right to have it; a cash value has been attached to the vote, and in consequence the coupon is becoming of greater value than the cash; the trade union ticket is more important than the craftsman's skill; and perhaps most significant of all, the creditor is at the mercy of the debtor. The old rule "No politics in business" has been rescinded and now there is almost no business but politics.

VALUE OF STERLING

Some part of our national difficulties is said to be due to the increase in other countries of the prices charged to us for our necessary purchases. Against that, however, must be placed our own failure to maintain the value of our own money. The root of the trouble is to be found in the inflationary policy pursued by the Government, especially in Mr. Dalton's deliberate creation in 1946 of some £600,000,000 of new money, for no better purpose than to satisfy his whim for a 2½ per cent. long-term rate of interest. The proceeds of the new "once-for-all" capital tax must be wholly devoted to the reduction of debt if the eloquence expended upon the fear of inflation is to be accepted as sincere.

Correspondence

"THE GODS ARE ATHIRST"

SIR,—In your article under the above heading you begin unexceptionably by quoting what I said. You proceed to offer a paraphrase: "fanatics always win and therefore the rest of us should abandon reason, tolerance and common sense." This you invite me to repudiate as bad history, bad Marxism and bad morality.

Of course I repudiate it. But I never said it. If to select an end and stick to it is to be a fanatic, then I am one and certainly prefer such fanaticism to the opportunism and careerism that characterises most politicians. But this does not commit me to the abandonment of reason, tolerance and common sense. I use such reason and common sense as I have to adapt available means to the Socialist end, and I tolerate those who co-operate in its achievement. I can conceive no reason why I should tolerate those who thwart it.

History, of course, can prove anything provided it is cut into the right lengths. By stopping short at the Edict of Nantes you can prove that the Third Force won after the French wars of religion. By continuing to Richelieu, Louis XIV and the revocation of the Edict I could prove that the Third Force lost and that fact made the French Revolution necessary.

Similarly the French Revolution can be made to prove one thing if we stop in 1793, another if we stop in 1794, and yet another if we regard it as a process still unfinished, and 1848, 1871 and 1917 as its legitimate continuation—as I do myself.

The view that the French Revolution, owing to the Mountain's bump of destruction, accomplished its task at infinitely greater cost than was really necessary is, of course, the stock view of Liberal writers from Macaulay on; but I am surprised that you should even incidentally label it Marxist. Marx, who calls Danton "the greatest master of revolutionary policy yet known" and recognises in Marat and Babeuf his own legitimate forerunners, can hardly be cited as a witness for the Liberal thesis. On the contrary, Marx insists (and the same point is made by the anti-Marxist Kropotkin) that, even to carry through a middle-class revolution, the working class has to be mobilised and set to fight "the enemies of their enemies," as did the Levellers in the English Revolution and the *Enragés* in the French.

To cut the past and come to the present, you express a wish that Moscow would "seek co-operation with Western Socialists who also desire world Socialism." If by Western Socialists you mean Western Social Democratic leaders, I reply by asking you when, from 1945 on, those leaders have shown the slightest desire to co-operate with Moscow or anyone else in achieving world Socialism? One of the first things the Labour Government did was to protest to Czechoslovakia (before there was any question of a Communist "coup" there) against the nationalisation of industries in that country. Another was to continue without a break the Churchill policy of royalist intervention in Greece. It may be that our foreign policy is decided by the need of dollars—though I think there is more to it than that. Be that as it may, how can Moscow be asked to co-operate with *it*? How can any self-respecting Socialist, Western or Eastern, bring himself to co-operate with it?

I do not say that Moscow is never mistaken. I *do* say that a professing Socialist who fights Socialism in those countries where it has won power, and by so doing helps capitalism to save itself in those countries where it still retains power, *must* be mistaken. If to say that is called "blindly following the lead of Moscow," well—no doubt the English language needs revision! But I am an old Socialist, and know my friends from my foes, and can afford to laugh at the misdirected sneer.

53, Victoria Road, Oxford. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

SIR,—In his article "The Gods are Athirst," Mr. Kingsley Martin states that if Eastern Europe had accepted Marshall's proposal, Moscow could have led the way in outlining a Socialist plan for economic recovery.

In the *News Chronicle* of June 3rd last, Stuart Gelder, New York correspondent, refers to "America's determination to fight an economic war against Communism" and adds:

> Mr. Marshall used the occasion to serve notice to all European countries that they can expect no help or sympathy from America if they compromise with Communism even to the extent of including Communists in coalition governments.

Mr. Marshall is entitled to attach his own conditions to his offer, but the above report makes it clear that he had imposed a condition which he knew that Russia and the East European states could not accept. Confirmation of Mr. Marshall's intention is contained in his recent warning to Italy that if she votes Communist, she will be excluded from the Marshall Plan.

In these circumstances it seems unfair and perhaps dishonest to blame Russia for non-co-operation in the Plan, unless Mr. Kingsley Martin thinks that, in response to Mr. Marshall, Russia and the other Communist States ought to have abandoned Communism and adopted the American way of life.

F. O'HANLON.

[This misses the point. Though Mr. Marshall invited Eastern European Governments to co-operate in working out a recovery programme in Paris, it is, as Mr. Martin and our correspondent agree, unlikely that any American aid would have been given to any country that compromised with Communism. Therefore if Russia and Eastern Europe had come to Paris, America's bluff would have been called and Russia could have led Europe in a recovery plan for the whole of Europe without American aid.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS

SIR,—It is improbable that I should have held for three years the position of Assistant Professor of Apologetics at a famous Catholic University if I were, as Mr. Binns suggests, "very insecurely grounded in the doctrines of the Church." I am merely one of many thousand Catholics who believe that the Church has always lost by attempts to suppress criticism and has everything to gain by public discussion with our critics. That this view finds official support is obvious from the fact that Catholicism in recent years has four times been defended in published controversies, first by Monsignor R. A. Knox against the present writer before his conversion, and by the present writer against Dr. Cyril Joad, Professor J. B. S. Haldane and the late Dr. G. G. Coulton. My book with Haldane was published in the U.S.A. by Messrs. Sheed & Ward, the well-known Catholic publishers, and chosen as the "Catholic Book of the Month." I accepted Dr. Coulton's challenge to debate "Is the Catholic Church anti-social?" with the warm encouragement of the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The book is published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne, publishers to the Holy See. Incidentally, to anticipate from Dr. Coulton the criticism that I was merely voicing private opinions in those letters in which I defended a thesis very similar to that which surprised Mr. Binns, I submitted all my letters to the Censor.

My various attempts to induce a representative Communist, who would be accepted as such by the party, to debate some such subject as "Is Communism anti-social?" have all failed. As to "parental rights," I prefer facts to theorising. It is a fact that Catholic Eire, Catholic Quebec and the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland have such a keen sense of the parental rights of Protestant parents that Protestant schools are maintained by the State on the same terms as Catholic schools. I had a long discussion with the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster on thi point, quoted in my book with Dr. Coulton. He hold

Act Quickly with 'ASPRO' to stop SPRING COLDS

'ASPRO' wastes no time. **If YOU act quickly, you enable 'ASPRO' to act quickly on your behalf.** The Spring colds and rheumatic and neuralgic twinges current at the moment will not stand up to decisive action with 'ASPRO'. The change is soon apparent—the feverish, headachy, snuffly sensations go. **Often the cold symptoms will have come and gone in a matter of minutes.** Normal well-being returns and 'ASPRO', having done its work safely and surely, leaves no trace—**no harmful after-effects.** It is a fact that a **LITTLE** wisdom in time is worth more than a **LOT** of wisdom later. SO—

Keep 'ASPRO' handy during these TRICKY WEEKS

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks. ASPRO

Safe as the Bank

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES are a safe and profitable investment, and your Bank is ready to make it easy for you to buy them. Your Bank Manager will ask only for your signature on a Banker's Order form authorising either a single purchase of a block of National Savings Certificates, or a regular automatic monthly purchase of Certificates for as long as you wish.

You can now hold 1,000 10/- units of the new Certificates, and in 10 years this £500 will have grown to £650 free of tax. Secure for yourself this highly profitable gilt-edged investment by calling on your Bank Manager to-day.

SAVE—*The Bank Way*

Issued by the National Savings Committee

What, another new suit?

No, just a suit that *looks* new, thanks to University Tailors "Care of Clothes by Subscription" Service. Let us collect your clothes for dust-freeing, stain removing, minor renovations, re-shaping and tailor pressing every week, fortnight or month. We are also experts in TURNING GARMENTS.

Annual Subscriptions:
Weekly Service 20 gns. Fortnightly 11 gns. Monthly 6 gns. *Garments returned within one week unless major repairs required.*

UNIVERSITY TAILORS LTD
London, S.W.3

Please forward full particulars of The Care of Clothes by Subscription.

If previous subscriber tick here.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

8UT-1 557

that "a Catholic State such as Eire is fully entitled to grant the rights which Eire grants to Protestant schools." St. Thomas Aquinas insisted that even the children of Jews and Infidels should not be baptised against the will of their parents. The child must be allowed to grow and come to the faith *non coactione sed persuasione*—not by coercion but by persuasion, (iia, iiae, Qaest. x, a.8).

ARNOLD LUNN

SIR,—Mr. Arnold Lunn, in your issue of April 10, pretends to see in the Spanish Catholic Church a champion of freedom. As a Spaniard I feel it my right to give him the lie. He admits that "Spanish Liberals have always been hostile to the Church." *Et pour cause*, Mr. Lunn. The Catholic Church stands in Spain for everything that we understand as totalitarian and anti-democratic, for the illiteracy of the peasants and the using of the confessional as a political weapon. It owns well nigh two-thirds of the land. The Jesuits are the main shareholders in the Spanish Telephone Company. From before the start, right to this very day it has unblushingly and wholeheartedly given its blessing to every move of Franco's unholy mixture of Falangist Blue Shirts, Requetes and Moors. It gave its blessing to the hideous massacre of women and children in Badajoz's bullfighting arena, an incident which makes a trifle of the similar one portrayed in the recent German film, *The Murderers are Amongst Us*. It has preached its message of hatred from every pulpit in Spain. It is to this very day exercising an inquisitorial censorship on every aspect of Spanish life from films to swimming-costumes, to mention the least harmful manifestations of its intolerable totalitarianism. Does Mr. Lunn know that the Catholic film censorship stamps out every kiss on the screen that does not take place between husband and wife or parent and daughter with the same ruthlessness that it banishes any book it considers dangerous? Of course he does; but he prefers to make a song about the "very different treatment which Catholic schools receive in most Protestant countries." What about the treatment non-Catholics receive in Spain?

A SPANISH LIBERAL

THE MONEY-CHANGERS

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. A. D. Drury, refers to Mr. Kingsley Martin's "disregard of the stern and relentless Christ who sabotaged the temple market." It is, I think, astonishing that this incident should so often be adduced as an instance of the use by Christ of physical force. Surely it can have been nothing of the kind. Is it conceivable that a rough-and-tumble took place in which Christ struggled with and overcame both the money-changers and "those that sold oxen and sheep and doves?" I submit that this is an impossible conception. Was not the expulsion of these defilers of the Temple a supreme example not of force, but of its opposite? Must it not have been accomplished by the supernatural power of the man Christ Jesus—an illustration of his own precept, "Resist not evil," and of St. Paul's corollary, "Overcome evil with good."

The doctrines of pacifism may be attacked on many grounds, but the use of this story to that end has always seemed to me an amazing example of confused thinking.

66, Harley House, N.W.1. E. W. FORDHAM

FRIENDS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

SIR,—We greatly appreciate Critic's reference to the work of this society. It is not often realised how many and varied are the day-to-day threats, some of them minor but all of them significant, which in these times menace an area of outstanding natural beauty such as the Lake District. In an uncertain future loom the shapes of water undertakings, State afforestation and military training schemes, whilst a hydro-electric monster lurks just round the corner.

"Beauty crieth in an attic and no man regardeth." All the more need for those who do care to combine wholeheartedly in her defence.

Secretary, Friends of the Lake District.
14, Princes Street, PHILIP CLEAVE
Ulverston, Lancs.

WAR AND PAGODAS

SIR,—Dorothy Woodman's article revived vivid memories for one who was rather closely connected with the operations of the 4th Corps (not the 4th Army) at the Nyaungu bridgehead, and who had the opportunity to visit the ancient city of Pagan about a fortnight after a battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment had led the assault across the river.

I was a member of a small unit at corps headquarters concerned with the counter-bombardment of enemy artillery, and I recall the large shaded area which encircled the city of Pagan on my plotting chart—an area conspicuously marked *No Shelling*. But, even without this consideration for "Burma's outstanding historical monument," I doubt if Miss Woodman is correct in saying that the dead city "would have suggested itself to any strategist." For one thing, the river is narrower at Nyaungu, and for another the road to Meiktila is more easily accessible from there. However, the important fact—how important is made clear by Miss Woodman—is that Pagan was preserved.

Reading her description of the pagodas, I lived again the few hours I spent in the city. In particular I remembered the Ananda Pagoda, with its four effigies of Buddha and its extraordinary paintings; the labyrinthine corridors and staircases of the Thatpayen Pagoda; the panoramic view from the topmost storey of this building; and the allegedly oldest pagoda of the city, largely hewn out of rock, which stands on the bank of the Irrawaddy, almost at the vertex of the bend where the river turns south and heads for the Bay of Bengal more than 300 miles away.

I remember entering these pagodas expecting an atmosphere of monastic gloom, silent and awe-inspiring, and finding instead a hive of activity. The reason, as Miss Woodman explains, was that thousands of Burmese refugees had made the pagodas their temporary home, and in the corridors and courtyards were improvised living rooms and kitchens, stores of grain, and even shops selling all manner of goods. One pagoda, the largest in the city, was being used as an isolation hospital for small-pox victims.

Perhaps because of the existing conditions, we were not asked to observe the usual formality of removing our shoes. I hope the fact that Miss Woodman had to comply with this custom means that the pagodas have been restored to their former dignity and that some of the ravages of war—for, in spite of the bad bombardment, there were ravages—have been removed.

TREVOR E. BARNARD

Orpington.

HOW MANY BABIES?

SIR,—Though the Hubback-Joad-Cadbury symposium on "How Many Babies?" is already a little involved, I should like to add a comment on the contribution of the last speaker.

Mr. Cadbury says "advocates of a smaller population overlook what is likely to be the position in the world, politically and economically, of a United Kingdom with a smaller population." But our present "economic position" is this: we need a large population to man the factories to produce enough manufactured goods to exchange for food wherewith to feed our large population.

For 100 years or more we have been living on "native" labour overseas; but now that progressively fewer overseas areas will need our industrial products new light is thrown on the over-industrialisation of England, and on the endless spiral of the melancholy and futile "export drive." To-day more than ever it is clear that the population which any given area can support in a civilised manner is strictly limited. The international position of the primary-producing countries is becoming steadily stronger, and it seems clear that the need of the future will be for a heavily reduced urban population and more productive land.

Bramshott Chase, Hindhead. DORIS ESTCOURT

Are ENGLISH *writers being left behind?*

Pick up any magazine you like today. Note the proportion of American short stories carried. Why is this? Merit apart, publishers and editors prefer English writers and stories but complain of the dearth of English short story writers.

But the Americans themselves realise that from the Old Country there is much to learn. ***The London School of Journalism is selected by the American Authorities for the training of their G.I. students in this country in journalism and story writing.***

Now why shouldn't ***you*** make the same choice? Why not, if you feel you ***can*** write, get in on this market through the skilled Short Story-craft section of the London School of Journalism? It has started many well-known writers on the way to success. Other Courses comprise Journalism, Free Lance, Poetry, Radio Plays, etc. Enquire about the Course in English Literature specially written for the School by L. A. G. Strong, also the new English History Course written by J. Hampden Jackson. The School is under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors.

Reduced Fees. Free Book from Prospectus Office,
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.
Museum 4574.

AT THE FRIENDLY INN

Specially drawn for The Brewers' Society by
Henry Rushbury R.A.

ORDINARY WRITING A

120 words per minute

Great New Invention as Alternati to Shorthand

Dutton Speedwords—written in ordinar alphabetic letters—can be used for ra note-taking from the first hour of stu Based on a scientific word-frequen analysis, the abbreviating rules are powerful that ordinary running mat averages only two letters per word. T invention can be used for any langua and moreover has an exciting future an all-nations correspondence medi because all nationals write the sa Speedword forms. Warmly commend by G. Bernard Shaw, Prof. Hogb F.R.S., Dr. Joad, and the Dean Canterbury. Send 3d. for test les and details of 8-lesson postal course high-speed appendix, worked thro in 20-24 hours of actual study.

DUTTON SPEEDWORDS
(OW 6)
92/3, Great Russell Street, London, W.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The literature of common sense is a gift of the early eighteenth century; it derives from the citizens' view of life. Hence, after reading, say, Swift's *Letter to a Very Young Lady* our pleasure and our restlessness. What excellent advice and how, what a slaughter of the innocents—the innocent instincts and emotions—has been committed before the advice could be uttered. In Swift, at any rate, common sense has been arrived at, only by a life-long pruning of the random buds, ruthless cutting back; in the end we have the impression of reading epitaphs on human hope, and what is displayed as the sensible view of life, disturbs us with an underlying suggestion of anger, mutilation and misanthropy. There is a double sense in everything Swift wrote that imposes a strain upon our reading of him; we feel the rod of an over-ruling will and it is only at those times when we ourselves are capable of rancour, passion and the spleen that the iron reach in his simple, deceptive writing can really be endured for long. Swift's words arrive on the page with the regular tap of a day's rain, monotonously clear, and positive in its sting; but they shut us into our own house, and it is not until we, too, have reached his point of bitter misotrophobia, it is not until we think of all that we have lost by having to sit inside, that the spell begins to work.

Once we are shut in and can gaze at the foolish world from which we are cut off by contempt, what can affect us; but before that happens his habit of reducing everything to the plain terms of personal business makes the *Drapier Letters* a labour to read and *The Tale of a Tub* sound like a tedious piece of fantastic personal litigation, an ill case flogged by a rasping and pedantic lawyer who cannot bear a hatred to die or an old folly to be forgotten. The very plainness is the argument for Swift's innate madness; so that even when his imagination is at its most savage or its most freakish, in *Gulliver* or in *A Modest Proposal*, he distracts us by the smallness and homeliness of his means. Is this the new minute method of science or the pestering of the local archaeologist? Is he putting on the knowing tub-drum of the careerist politician who knows how to hammer the homeliest instances into the thick, self-infested head of the plain man? Or is it the humanism of the century?

Questions like these must harass the enquiring reader as he listens to the dry Dean cracking his jests and his arguments, as the busy Franklin shed out his endless proverbs or the plain Defoe put his draper's yardstick to human circumstance. But after reading a Defoe or a Franklin, nothing happens to us; after Swift, no, for a little while; and then, old wounds begin to burn, old sores to open, and old infirmities awaken under our skins. He has revived in us our personal hatreds, he has revived and accerbated angers that we thought we had forgotten; out of his local instances he has raised a universal pain. And with such undermining violence does his simple method work, that our pain is, as it were, reflected back upon his own character and his legend: the Swift legend walks again, haunting and terrible. Like him, when the power of his falls upon us, we cry "I am a fool" and will our money to the madhouse. He has re-taught us our personal megalomania.

When the Dean's legend begins to walk in our thoughts, the exact impression of him vanishes. Any lie, any anecdotal invention, any imaginative guess about a legendary figure seems more acceptable and revealing than what the strict evidence will concede. This is especially true of Swift. He was a careerist and a secretive man. Now it is true that secretive men are often withholding interesting secrets and that careerists are always surrounded by enemies only too eager to suggest what they have; but even the least suspicious of biographers would have to concede that certain mysteries of Swift's life make him unaccountable. Was he impotent? Was he the bastard of Temple? Was he Stella's half-brother? Was he married to Stella, as early biographers believed? Did Vanessa challenge Stella with this story in that dramatic scene which Scott has described? Was Vanessa his mistress? Can the little language be so interpreted as to mean, in two direct references, that he thought of Stella as his wife; and are the very blots and evasions in the manuscripts part of a double secrecy in their code? Such questions go to Baconian lengths of fantasy; we have to reject them as fabrications and tittle-tattle, as Mr. Bernard Acworth does in his latest study.* And yet we do so with reluctance because they would give us a Swift less inhuman than the monster who rises from the strict evidence; they would soften an egotism or a pride which are appallingly self-contained.

Mr. Acworth's interest is to discover in Swift the Christian and the moralist. Swift's relation with Stella is presented as a perhaps presumptuous but, at any rate, a noble attempt to advance the minds of women to a higher plane; but Mr. Acworth might also have pointed out that Swift's great power over women may have been due to his profession and his rudeness to them. The book is readable but it has the weakness of Christian urgency and I cannot believe that Mr. Acworth has taken the most revealing approach to Swift's genius. The scholarly discretion of Mr. Harold Williams in his new, meticulous and exhaustive edition of the *Journal to Stella*† is more rewarding. With him the legends vanish at once; what cannot be proved he will not have. We are not likely, for example, loosely to accuse Swift of changing his party for reasons of power or favour, before weighing this against Swift's purpose in coming to England; on the other hand, even after reading Mr. William's defence, the character of Swift himself strides into our minds. Had he no appetite for power, the man who would make the great Harley come half way to meet him? He hated faction, but why? He was an intolerant High Churchman; was faction a vice because it interfered with his friendships or because it thwarted his despotic nature?

The cool-headedness of Mr. Williams's summing up is a severe preparation for a book so intimate, so revealing and yet so unbetraying as the *Journal*—unbetraying in the sense that it keeps the shell of Swift hard and can be quoted like Scripture, for and against. The *Journal* is the complete picture of a man managing himself, managing the full team of his affairs with the rein in hand—career, friends, love and health all trot together; none can get out of his hard and playful grip:

> Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I cant stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and tis still terribly cold—I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I'll rise, and bid you good-morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? So—up a dazzy. At Night. My Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth I will chuse to visit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill and I hope it will mend.

And money is there too—how often money trots with the successful team. Are we to think him avaricious? Mr. Williams thinks not; is it then an aspect of the exhausting matter-of-factness of his nature?

> Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants and twelve shillings coach hire; and he shall be hanged first . . .

or something else to be cunning about:

> I dined with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they pickt out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid they would have said, God bless your honour, wont you give us something for our glass? Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds which I suppose may come to nothing.

The portrait that we build up from this prattle is not of the madman or the terrible Dean; nor indeed of the man who had flayed the soul of Varina with his words:

> I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful or your fortune large: cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for.

but of a man, without mysteries in his life, spryly attending to his business. The childishness of the little language:

> Well well, we'll have day-light shortly, spight of her teeth; and zoo must cly Lele and Hele and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee reetle. Dood Mollow.

comes as expertly to him as the way to handle a Prime Minister or terrorise a Duke.

Why do we read on and on through these 700 pages? Their events are reduced to shorthand. Compared with the letters to Pope or the great array of lords and bishops (which are more polished, far richer in judgment or comedy, even in masculine affection) the *Journal to Stella* is a ragbag of jottings about people we do not know. We are in the candle smoke of the great world, but we have to rack our memories of history to place the quarrel of St. John and Harley, to fit in the orgiastic figure of Marlborough and to remember which European war they were arguing about. Who are all these supplicants at the Court, why is this Duchess less important than that? One looks to Mr. Harold William's notes: they are as mysterious as Debrett is to the uninstructed. And yet, one does read on. What is the fascination? It is, I think, the fascinating of the magnifying glass. Swift puts it into our hands and, behold, everything is out of proportion; a corner of a room becomes larger than the room itself, an hour at the coffee house fills a day: the entrancing, minute glimpses of London life in the eighteenth century crowd out the generalities of history; we are given the intensely distorting glass of private life into our hands. The boredom, we have felt has not been the boredom of dull writing, but the charming ennui of the busy life itself. The lackey is drunk again. Have I strained my thumb, or is it the gout? It rains, it snows, it blows. Now the sun shines. Here is a bit of gossip only you will understand. Guess who is thinking of whom now. I dreamt that I was in Ireland without my clothes: "Oh, that we were at Laracor this fine day! The willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud."

So the trivialities enlarge under the glass of this extraordinary egotism: they are the bubbles of an ambition, the iridescence of a success. Here rather than in the diplomatic bag of Swift's correspondence with his contemporaries—correspondence which was measured and cut to the fine fashion of the period—will be found the affray of his genius; for here he is in Lilliput itself, now large and hard with power, now small as Tom Thumb acting his part. Here, too, in the very objectivity of the writing, its sudden jump not from thought to thought but from thing to thing, we see the mark of his isolation: all things, for the egotist, the madman of to-morrow, are related to one another only through him. Only he knows; only he controls; only he has the sense, the clarity of mind, the sanity. But, when we turn from the *Journal* to some other piece of his writing, we feel the temper rising as the clear prose rains down in its regular drops, and our legend-making begins: for only Swift knows the price of that appalling pride and in what mysterious transactions of his life, he paid it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

---

* *Swift.* A Study. By BERNARD ACWORTH. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

† *Swift's Journal to Stella.* 2 vols. Edited by HAROLD WILLIAMS. *Clarendon Press.* 42s.

CRIMINOLOGY

Gaol Delivery By MARK BENNEY. *Longmans.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Journal of Criminal Science. Edited by L. RADZINCOWICZ and J. W. C. TURNER. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

One of the reasons why criminology remains a semi-bogus branch of science is because it refuses to consider the relations between crime and society on the one hand and criminals and police on the other. The peculiar and subtle interpenetration of the agents of the law and the underworld, based on informers and indirect social contacts of all sorts, is a fascinating subject which needs a Balzac to do it justice. Its roots are in the history of modern society. At a certain stage, when law and order of a new, non-feudal, variety, had become essential, master-criminals began to turn into their opposites—Jonathan Wild and Vidocqs. This was the first, crude phase. Since then a process of social sublimation has taken place, a process analogous to that by which, in terms of individual psychology, an embryo-sadist becomes a surgeon. One result, at any rate, is that the professional attitude towards crime is totally different from the public attitude.

With this in mind, we can now catch up with Mr. Benney, that rare specimen who has the advantage of being a former member of the underworld who has become an intellectual—thereby reversing the more usual process. His education has been progressing steadily and in *Gaol Delivery* he gives us a neat, trenchant, condemnation of the modern English prison system. The basis for it is the testimony, contained in a hundred replies made by ex-prisoners, mostly conscientious objectors, to a questionnaire prepared by the Howard League for Penal Reform. The period which it covers is the war. It was a particularly bad period for prisons, with overcrowding, black-out, blitz, and staff shortage. Since then, as the Howard League acknowledge in their foreword, several improvements have been made. These, however encouraging, are but superficial. Judging by the 1945 standard, of which *Gaol Delivery* provides ample documentation, the modern English prison remains hopelessly retrograde. The bulk of the book consists of a catalogue of the shades, varying from grey to black, which make up the prison spectroscope: the "slops out" sanitation system—always a touchstone of civilisation—the meticulous penalties, the whole atmosphere of furtive evasion, and above all the fact that prisoners still spend 120 hours out of the week's total of 168 in their cells.

All this is no news to Mr. Benney. What really matters, according to him, is the *raison d'être* of the English prison system. Its professed aims are to incapacitate, separate, punish, deter, and reform. But Mr. Benney's conviction is that the real function of our prison system is not to discourage crime so much as to canalise it and make it more manageable. Everything is designed, or functions as if it had been designed, to preserve the *status quo*. This is especially true of the prison officers who conduct the affairs of the prison with a minimum of fuss, who object to innovations of routine and are seen at their best with old lags who know the ropes as well as they do. For the young offender, Mr. Benney maintains, prison provides an intensive training for a criminal career. In addition to giving him glamour as one who has done time, it teaches him specific habits of stealth and concealment. Another argument is that prison life owing to its monotony, engenders a nostalgia for criminal excitement which acquires a compulsive quality. The life of the habitual becomes something like that of the preparatory school boy—short, roseate, holidays outside and long, bleak, term-time inside.

If prison engenders a condition of arrested emotional development, so that prisoners tend to go on repeating their first offences, then, from the point of view of the police, who are sincerely concerned with the protection of society, there might be a good deal to be said for it. To anyone who feels like congratulating himself on the high standard of personal security obtaining in this country, Mr. Benney delivers a warning of violent and expert crime waves to come with which the present prison system will be quite inadequate to cope. Whether any prison, short of the ideal rational combination of vocational training centre and psychological clinic, would ever be adequate, is doubtful. Mr. Benney's own plea for revolutionary reform is logical enough. It is based on the contention that the present system gambles on its own success whereas a system that aims to cure by kindness can at least hold punishment in the background as a last resort. Such a system will seem all the more rational to anyone who attaches importance to the psycho-analytical theory that there are two principal criminal types: super-ego-criminals who commit crimes in order to punish themselves, and id-criminals who lack any sense of social responsibility whatsoever.

There are times when Mr. Benney, despite his peculiar expertise, may seem a little specious. Even so he compares favourably with some of the authorities who contribute to the first volume of *The Journal Of Criminal Science*. Issued under the auspices of the Department of Criminal Science, Faculty of Law, Cambridge University, this collection of Papers diffuses that atmosphere of unreality which is inseparable from official criminology. Fear, of that exaggerated variety whose significance psychologists have stressed, seems to be one of the principal factors. Here is an extract from Mr. G. Ellenbogen on "Criminal Law Relating To Insanity" which gives the reader some idea of the form: "It might be argued that an act like indecent exposure is so evidently psychopathological that it ought to be immune from the sanctions of the criminal law. But it is obvious that indecent exposure is socially undesirable and equally obvious that if the act were not visited with the displeasure of the law it would be more frequent . . ." And, dealing with the question of murder, "it is reform of the fixed sentence . . . and not of the legal test of insanity that is needed." Sir William Norwood East, a doctor and former Prison Commissioner, contributes a long rambling article on "Sexual Crime" which is part catalogue, part digression, and wholly a curiosity. It ranges from homosexuality among animals and crime at the zoo—

> When, too, I think of . . . the female baboon . . . who was torn to pieces when her mate died and the unmated males fought to possess her (H. G. Wells, J. Huxley and G. P. Wells) . . .

to the incestuous Ptolemies. Despite the wide acquaintance with modern psychological literature which he displays, and an agreeable freedom from vindictiveness, Sir William also seems to be haunted by fear lest the sexual offender may be allowed to get away with anything:

> The view that sexual crime is usually an expression of mental abnormality is often incorrect. The strength of the sexual urge, whether the activity is normal or perverted, varies in different persons . . . we do not acquit a rapist because he is oversexed.

The most hopeful contribution is that of Sir Harold Scott, the present Police Commissioner, an all too short essay on the organisation of the metropolitan police, in which he shows himself fully aware of the social aetiology of crime and takes a crack at the diehards which will make more than one magistrate gnash his teeth.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

LANDSCAPE WITH CRITIC

The Harp of Aeolus. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

"My own—rather late—Aeolian Harp," writes Mr. Grigson, while tracking down this image through two centuries of literary usage, "is . . ." But the details (the rectangular box, the dozen slack-tuned strings) do not matter: the arresting thing is finding the metaphor come to life. In Mr. Grigson's essays there is always something to make us stop for a moment; some new light on an old theme; some outrageous opinion. Here he is, for instance, turning the hunter's eye on the romantic image—a critic for whom a metapho is not a cliché, a dead thing, but a quarry to b pursued over decades of changing taste. Perhap the most original contributions in a book electri with ideas are the essays embodying such explora tions—*The Harp of Aeolus, Horse Chestn Trees, The Upas Tree.* And there are everywhe hints of new and exquisite voyages:

> I should like to know (he writes) three dates— the date of the first painting of purple heather o Dartmoor, the date of the first purple altar cloth the date of the first purple aubretia and fat purpl rhododendrons.

Writing of the relationship between the artis and nature (the underlying theme of all th essays) Mr. Grigson seems to carry his own land scape with him, a green and pleasant scene, wit crystal streams flowing through vernal glades o flow'ry meads, where Nature, fresh from th canvas or the printed page, is the key to divin secrets. Over the border (marked by horri eminences, crags and waterfalls), are the region blighted with the romantic decay, for here nature in a kind of inversion of the pathetic fallac exists only as a reflection of an artist's mood Within the boundary Blake may be engravin his visions; dangerously near the edge is, perhap Fuseli, making yet another drawing of Mrs. Fitz herbert's leg. And springing up from time to time even in the most tranquil meadow, we encounter geyser of warm rage, caustic, or, if we happen t share one or other of Mr. Grigson's antipathie tonic. (They include the Constable-cult, the poetr of Mr. George Barker and of Mr. Dylan Thoma the critical views of Miss Edith Sitwell, reviewer —of which he is himself one of the most meltin the most persuasive, the most exasperating.) he possesses also a personal Upas Tree, wh bodies must lie beneath it! How many co temporary poets! But not Mr. Auden, wh wrote that the critic should conceive of art "li life, as being a self-discipline rather than a se expression," and should distrust "the formle the expansive, the unfinished, the casual." The words, which Mr. Grigson quotes, might be h own.

Actually, Mr. Grigson, who eschews compr mise, not enthusiasm, has no more than one fo in the eighteenth century. Aggressive whether attacking a major artist or defending a minor neglected one, he is better armed and more d arming when he praises. From a purely technic point of view one regrets that he conducts h onslaughts with so little of the thought that h gives to the Harp and Upas Tree studies, to t excellent close-packed essays on Hardy and Barn even to his notes on the unknown poet Willia Diaper whose work abounds in descriptive fel ities: an early morning scene, for instance, o snowpiece:—

> Nature bears all one Face, looks coldly bright, And mourns her lost Variety in white.

Irresistible. And yet, the question arises, —how good was Diaper, but how good was eighteenth century poetry of a lyrical temp when set out in the uniform of the heroic coupl that toga in which nothing was ever quite ignob nothing quite sublime?

Such a problem does not arise with the poet of William Barnes. If the Dorsetshire dialect which he chose to write most of his poems ke them largely unread, it is that we do not care read with the ear instead of the eye. (His b known poem, *Linden Lea*, is familiar not visua but as a song.) To appraise them fairly, with an intervening sense of quaintness, one m transpose Barnes's phonetic spelling—an exp ment highly illuminating with Kipling's Cockn poems. Mr. Grigson illustrates the structu art of Barnes' simplest poems, his delicate sou effects and sharp colour contrasts, all found nature: yellow and black (rooks in a cornfie white and red (elder flowers and campion), wh and green (mowers and grass) and blue and wh his favourite, in many scenes—the sky, a hum face, a stretch of water. Of Hardy, whose w and tastes made him a restorer and haunter

urches where he knew he would not find God, t. Grigson writes with equal sympathy. (He alls that Hardy once had the duty of superending the removal of the tombs and skeletons Old St. Pancras churchyard for the Midland ilway. The work took place at night, by gas res.) He is important to Mr. Grigson as an erver who saw through the surface to the heart nature; thus, he wrote (in 1887):

After looking at the landscape ascribed to Boningon in our drawing room I feel that Nature is layed out as a Beauty, but not as a mystery. I on't want to see landscapes . . . as optical effects. want to see the deeper reality underlying the cenic, the expression of what are sometimes called bstract imaginings.

As Mr. Grigson writes of paintings with the e precise taste and fiery antagonisms, seeing m ultimately, I think, with a literary eye, his gments on individual artists may be anticipated hough not infallibly. The principal ones cussed are Stubbs, Danby, the pre-Raphael-, Constable, Courbet, de Chirico, and Henry ore as a draughtsman. He approves the calm, gent accuracy of George Stubbs, who stood "order, classification, clarity," who preferred ild grassland and trees to dark, rocky and lime landscape." He contrasts the attitude Stubbs to a horse—hardly more than an mal and a shape—with the projected emotion Fuseli, who

declared of one of Rubens's horses in a lion hunt hat it was "like a beautiful virgin. The apparent istress of such a creature must touch every one who has any sensibility." Fuseli felt (they are his ords) for "the colossal joys of the lion."

On Constable, Mr. Grigson shows himself at most arbitrary. Constable, he says, does not through nature to the spirit, but presents only ure's skin. "Courbet's story is the pathos the world. Constable's is the pathos of nstable." More understandably, he regards major pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti excepted—" mostly compromisers and cowards, concealing ir materialism in a mist of pseudo-spiritual rality." Yet this essay, *The Pre-Raphaelite Myth*, tains one of the most useful of his conclusions, t art criticism concentrates on the big names, t a revision of values is necessary, that there uld be a real investigation of forgotten work den away in provincial galleries and private ses. And in a wider sense, he stands for more gination in critical judgment. This is his ction, to stir up the sheep-like views of posterity enraging, perhaps, but quite as often by opening new prospects. If there seems at times a discrepancy between his liking and his theory (some of the Francis Danby reproductions, for instance, are charming but puzzling) what of that? Though "good" taste is fathered by reason, it may be equally agreeable to meet personal taste, the goblin child whom most of us keep out of sight but privately cherish. And Mr. Grigson, at least, does not hesitate to acknowledge the creature or its claims.

NAOMI LEWIS

FRENCH REVOLUTION

The Coming of the French Revolution. By GEORGES LEFEBVRE. Translated by R. R. Palmer. Princeton: *Oxford University Press.* 16*s.*

M. Lefebvre, who is Professor of the History of the French Revolution in the University of Paris, is a distinguished authority on his subject. His most important work, in four volumes, was published after he was fifty years old. The book now published, which is the first of his works to be translated into English, first appeared in 1939 under the French title *Quatre-vingt-neuf*. It is a short book and deals, in a remarkably concise way, with the first part of the revolution which ended when the King and Queen were brought from Versailles to Paris by their turbulent subjects on October 6th, 1789. It is an admirable summary of the origin and causes of the revolution, of the motives and objects of the different classes and persons, and of the way in which these various strains and stresses determined events from the summoning of the Etats-Généraux to the acceptance of the constitution. M. Lefebvre, as his translator points out, has made a profound study of class structure and class psychology in France at the time of the revolution, particularly of the peasants and agricultural classes. This specialised knowledge enables him to throw most valuable light upon the part which the different classes played in determining events.

Mr. Palmer stresses the fact that M. Lefebvre is a worthy successor to Aulard and Mathiez, but that he is in neither of the two virulent camps which have made the history of the French Revolution their field of battle, and he points out that "to have been eulogised by both (Aulard and Mathiez) is a virtual guarantee of great balance of judgment." It is true that M. Lefebvre is much less partisan than most French historians of the revolution. There is nothing vague about his narration or interpretation of facts; there is no concealment of his own opinions. He is on the Left rather than on the Right; for a historian to be a republican in France when he writes about the revolution is to be inevitably on the Left. His view is that the revolution, which began with the aristocracy opposing the King, became, as soon as the Etats-Généraux were summoned, a struggle of the Third Estate against the privileged classes for equal rights; "the Revolution of 1789 was above all the conquest of equal rights." Events were very largely determined by the resistance of the aristocracy and the King. M. Lefebvre holds that the "aristocratic conspiracy," which played so large a part in causing popular violence, was a very real thing. So, too, was the threat of force by the King. This is certainly a "republican" interpretation of history. It is stated, however, with moderation and objectivity. In fact the word "balanced" exactly describes M. Lefebvre's mind and historical method. When there are two different interpretations of a series of events, he almost always begins by showing why he agrees with one interpretation and then goes on to warn us that we must not dismiss the other interpretation altogether—there is some truth in it, though perhaps not quite so much truth as in the other. He is probably right. The truth is neither black nor white, as a rule, neither red nor yellow; I suspect it of being generally grey or pink.

LEONARD WOOLF

NEW POETS

The Lightning-Struck Tower. By SHEILA SHANNON. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Rock Face. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Faber* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Listen, Confides the Wind. By ROLAND GANT. *Fortune Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Music for Statues. By DEREK STANFORD. *Routledge.* 5*s.*

The politically-connected poetry, which pre-war years produced in such quantity and vigour, has suffered an eclipse of fashion. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel, when considering the new models here under review, that politics, in the completer sense of a concern about human affairs, are important for poetry. Perhaps "politics" is altogether the wrong word; and it merely happened to be, during the last decade, a political inspiration, now rather discredited, which conferred the power to make statements, to risk comments. It might just as well have been something else—social stability, religious certainty, metaphysic of nature, or something of that sort. If one were searching

PUBLISHED LAST MONDAY

THREE WAYS TO MECCA

A new novel in which

Edwin Corle

genially satirises California's religious and psychological extravagances—with implications as deep as those he revealed in *Coarse Gold.*

9s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE

Shakespeare Survey 1

The first volume of a new International year book of Shakespeare studies, edited by ALLARDYCE NICOLL. This issue contains nine main articles, reviews of the year's London and Stratford productions, international notes, and book reviews; contributors include Una Ellis-Fermor, Hardin Craig, Micheál MacLiammóir, George Rylands, and John Dover Wilson. There are 24 pages of plates.

12*s.* 6*d. net*

★

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

JUST PUBLISHED

SWIFT

Bernard Acworth

A new and original interpretation of Dean Swift by one of the most stimulating and controversial writers of our time.

The critics on the author:

THE OBSERVER: "*A most remarkable and original mind.*"

THE SPECTATOR: "*The true note of controversy, and to find anything like it we must go back to the eighteenth century.*"

METHODIST TIMES: "*He has genius, and I use the big word advisedly.*"

Illustrated 15s. net.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Hallam Tennyson

THE WALL OF DUST

"By what process of thought or throb of imagination this young traveller has absorbed so swiftly and projected so convincingly such utterly diverse atmospheres. . . I cannot pretend to divine. But I can and do acclaim an authentic voice."—*Sir Ronald Storrs*

Just Out 8s. 6d. net

Oliver Onions

WHOM GOD HATH SUNDERED

"It is the sort of book that sticks in your memory, it becomes part of your experience and moulds the way you think about life—like 'The Old Wives Tale' and 'Kipps'."

John Connell in the *Critics Programme of the B.B.C.*

15s. net

SECKER & WARBURG

for a common quality—lacking which, apart from individual shortcomings, the volumes here have a certain unsatisfactoriness—one might, I think, discover it to consist in the incapacity to state or comment, other than timidly and ineptly. That sudden, surprising interest of the single line—"And the villages dirty, and charging high prices"—is not to be found in any of them. They are very private poets; not necessarily the worse for that; but private poetry has to be very special.

The extreme case is that of Mr. Nicholson, who composes by estuaries, making a strictly geological analysis of the landscape. The most disappointing is Mr. Gant, whose vigorous and attractive Prose Fantasies (included here) have precisely that grasp of the difficult shapes of experience, which his poems fall short of. The most reclaimable, in my view, is Miss Sheila Shannon. And, since it is less disappointing to look for poems than for poets, I would like to say at once that her 70-line *Lament for Walter Turner* is a beautiful and successful poem, and the most interesting of any in these five volumes.

Very near the beginning of Miss Shannon's book is a poem called *On Not Going to Perpignan*. It is dated February 5th, 1939, and consists of three verses castigating herself for having decided to stay at home instead of, one presumes, going off to help Spanish Republican refugees. At least as regards the development of her poetry this feeling may have embodied a sound judgment. For there follow many pages of over-pretty trivialities. Yet as soon as Miss Shannon grapples with facts and forces outside herself, then not only the interest but also the texture of her verse improves remarkably, becoming stiffened and sinuous; as, when a glove is drawn tight over a hand, an organic shape appears, where there had been a glove only. The poem about Walter Turner, her finest achievement in such effort towards dense integration, is cumulative, difficult to quote. But here she is in a different poem, imprisoning in the ribbed cage of a long simile her feeling about *Death In the Desert*—the violent, sudden death of some young, handsome man, "child of twenty generations."—

There is a Himalayan orchis sleeps
A hundred years within its quickening root
Till on a single night desire that fountain
Thrusts through the radiant snow dark leaves of longing
From whose dark sheaf springs then the darker shaft,
A shadowy tower upthrust of pure desire:
And in the stillness of the frozen air
The blossoms break;
And like a flight of wild white butterflies
Maddened by moonlight hang on the trembling stem
Through the slow passing of the winter night
And in the morning wither.

The threatening prettiness, which elsewhere and often engulfs her, seems here controlled, subordinated to the absolute necessity of achieving her description. This prettiness is indeed a good servant, but a bad master. But I think that it may now be time for her to "go to Perpignan," and am certain, on the evidence provided by certain poems here, that something much more considerable than just the pretty will be brought home.

If Miss Shannon should be advised to go, Mr. Nicholson, I feel, should most urgently be called back. But it will be necessary to cup hands, and call very loudly, for he has wandered solitary and far, a stern Sibelian figure, by Cumberland fells and estuaries; and the stratifications, which he reports with a conscientiousness which makes constant demands on the dictionary, seem in danger of stratifying him also. "His more perceptive readers," says a lofty-toned blurb, "will also observe that . . . Mr. Nicholson is quietly both enlarging his territory and confirming his possession of it." These are intimidating words. And no doubt there will be these more perceptive readers; such as expect from their poetry a scientific anatomising of pebbles and riverbeds, carefully hinting at metaphysical relationships with the human skeleton. Such readers will be gratified it is true, as to metre, rhythm, and word-choice, by a consistently level accomplishment,—as level as the seashores which these poems traverse. But a less perceptive reader, foiled of excitement, and impelled at last by mounting exasperation into a determined effort somehow to catch Mr. Nicholson out, discovers, that there is one moment, one only but conspicuous, in which Mr. Nicholson seems suddenly aware of the geologising perils, to which he has been exposing himself. In one poem Naaman reaches the river; where, after carefully cataloguing all observable natural phenomena, he suddenly breaks out (how one has longed for it!):—

Its slippery here. The water's in my boots.
Damn boots and water. Come, boy, give me a towel.

If Mr. Nicholson would himself take that towel, dry off *some part* of the estuary mud and the river-bed slime, and venture for once *towards* a built-up area, I believe that there might be cause to be glad. Unfair, presumptuous? We the most satisfying poem here is not about rock it is called *A Street in Cumberland*, has somethi of the grave charm of a Utrillo village, and en quietly, like a withdrawing wave, with these lines—

Yet a dream
Grips at the house when the roofs are asle
True to the loins of the rock that bred it.
When the slag
Is puddled across the clouds, and curlews fly
Above the chimneys, the walls thrust like a crag
Through the dark tide of haematite in the nig sky.

We get some music from Mr. Gant, some al from Mr. Stanford. But it is more like a tuning than a performance; and little idea of what o may expect, when the orchestra is at last read It will not be ready, without a severe patience a discipline. Such lines as

insipid sheep baa comments on the rain
and the mauve lilac mists its face with tears . . . .

ought not to have been let by.

These come from Mr. Stanford. Mr. Ga does better, and achieves, in two or three shor poems—*For Edward Thomas, Marching, Dream*—a slight, managed substantiality, which sugges that he could do very much better, if he wou both prune more and risk more. It is impossib at present to feel that he has taken enou trouble, or is even aware that more trouble nee to be taken.

GILES ROMILLY

A REMARKABLE STORY

Certified Sane. By M. HÉLÈNE JEANT *Sheppard Press.* 12s. 6d.

The story that emerges from Mme Jeant diary must be among the most remarkable of t war. A Belgian, she was arrested together wi her husband and 16-year-old son in July, 19 for harbouring an English flier on his way ho by the Ligne Zero. They were imprison separately for four months while the Gest tried to extract the names of the other membe of the organisation. Then, in November, t and her husband (the boy having been releas were tried before a Luftwaffe court martial. T tribunal was notorious for bringing in only t one sentence, that of death; but it was a thought too chivalrous to carry out the sente on a woman. With the connivance of her Germ lawyer a plan was hit on to save her husband's l Mme Jeanty feigned madness and took on her the whole responsibility for the offence, and wi such success that her husband escaped with sentence of five years forced labour, while t

To be published early May

The film

HAMLET

An authoritative account of the production of Sir Laurence Olivier's important British film, with contributions by Sir Laurence Olivier himself, Harcourt Williams, Dr. William Walton, Muir Mathieson, Alan Dent, Roger Furse, and many other artists and technicians associated with the production.

80 pages: 50 illustrations

7/6 net

SATURN PRESS,
128, Baker Street,
London, W.1

Here are two refreshingly original and unusual books:

FAREWELL TO SALONICA

by Leon Sciaky

A sensitively written autobiography of infinite charm. The author tells of his childhood and early youth in Greece, when it was still a part of the Ottoman Empire. **10/6**

THE LEGEND OF THE LATIN QUARTER

In which the authors, Arthur Moss and Evalyn Marvel, tell the fascinating story of the real Bohemians of Paris.
Illustrated **10/6**

W.H. ALLEN

Do you aspire to success as a writer?

IF you have the urge to write, and really aspire to become a successful free-lance journalist or short story writer, you're half way there. *But the essential matter of competent, practical training still remains.* The special postal courses provided by Pitman College of Art and Journalism are essentially practical and are designed to give each student personal and individual attention. The exercises set at the end of each lesson are not standard ones for all students, but are specially prepared to suit your individual style and talents. Write *now* for prospectus and full details.

PITMAN COLLEGE of ART and JOURNALISM

188, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1
Principal: H. R. Light, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.I.S.

THINKER'S LIBRARY

New Spring Titles

★

An Outline of the Development of Science

MANSEL DAVIES

An account of the growth of science from the earliest times up to the present day.

New cloth binding, with coloured top, illus., 16 plates.

3s. 6d. net

Man His Own Master

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

A searching examination of the question: "Can mankind solve the problems set by its own development?" **2s. 6d. net**

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD

herself was certified and sent to a German asylum. The courage and skill necessary to carry out this plan are alike remarkable. It would have been interesting to know exactly how much knowledge of the behaviour of the insane Mme Jeanty started out with, but it seems not to have been more than a nodding acquaintance with psychiatry and this she used to particularly good effect. Except for one thorough-going hysterical outburst, the note she struck, and stuck to, was the infantile. From the very beginning of the trial she put herself so to speak under the avuncular protection of the court-martial president, talking to him quite naturally whenever she felt like it, as if he were the one kind person in a world of enemies. This alone, in the atmosphere of a German court martial, was enough to establish her peculiarity. By a series of touches she built up this picture of herself as a case of regression; she taught herself to cry at will; she went to sleep in the middle of the trial, dropping her head on the shoulder of the guard; she picked out one handsome young guard in the court and threw him glances of childish admiration, and then:

Rising, I swept the Tribunal with a glance, and with a deep sigh proclaimed:

"I am not going to stay here any longer. I am bored. I am afraid. No, no, I am not stopping a minute longer."

I went up to the young soldier, took him by the arm and said:

"*Komm!*" He did not move an eyelid but continued to stand as stiff as a poker. But I insisted and shook him by the arm: "*Komm, komm.* I don't want to stop any longer." He looked beseechingly at the president who nodded assent.

It was one thing to deceive the court; quite another to persuade the psychiatrists who then had to examine her. But she succeeded with them too. A great help in this was the brilliant series of letters which she wrote from her cell to the president, and which, on the border between sense and nonsense, have behind them all the unreasonable logic of a child. The psychiatrists were fooled.

But all this was only the first step. Mme Jeanty then had to face more than a year in a lunatic asylum, first in Düren and then in Bonn. And the horror—for her fellow lunatics were some of them raving—was infinitely multiplied by the intensive bombing and shelling to which the town was subjected. Her experiences in the cellars with the mad women are quite unimaginable. Evacuated to another asylum at Bonn, which was also under bombardment, she could no longer stand it and confessed everything to the director, Dr. Geller. His honourable treatment of her deserves to go on record. She was given a room of her own and taken into his household whenever possible and so preserved from what might have become a real insanity, until the Americans liberated the town.

There is an interesting postscript by the president of the court martial which tried her. He seems at least dimly to have divined what might be happening and in the crucial moment to have given her the benefit of his doubt.

THOMAS SMALLBONES

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN: *String Quartet in F major, op.* 135 (Loewenguth Quartet. H.M.V. C3712-5). Pfui! Teufel! This is not the way to play Beethoven. The Loewenguth Quartet is entreated to pay more attention to the composer's markings, before making any more recordings, for this one is all over the place. The dynamic level is a monotonous *mezzo-forte*, and Beethoven's constant habit of a short *crescendo* leading to a sudden *piano*, is virtually ignored. There is no evidence that the players have got inside this extremely intimate work. Some of the unpleasant tone may be ascribed to the recording, but not all. The Busch set remains the best.

LISZT: *Mephisto Waltz* and *Liebestraum No.* 3 (Clifford Curzon. Decca K1723-4). An excellent performance, brilliantly—almost hysterically—alive. The recording may strain some reproducers beyond their capacity: occasionally single notes hit the mike very hard; but on the whole the piano tone is well realised throughout the register, which—in the *Mephisto Waltz*—happens to be particularly wide.

CHOPIN: *Studies*, op. 25, No. 4 in A minor, No. 5 in F minor, No. 6 in G sharp minor, No. 8 in D flat major, No. 9 in G flat major (Colin Horsley. Decca K1405). *Nocturne in D flat major*, op. 27 No. 2 (Isador Goodman. Decca K1767). *Ballade No.* 1 *in G minor* (Samson François. Decca K1398). Mr. Horsley is an executant perhaps more famous for technical brilliance than for musical feeling. I have heard him give wholly admirable performances, and others that were superficial; I had never thought him capable of such unthinkable untidiness and lack of style as he displays on this disc. In the G sharp minor *Study* he sounds like an able pianist running over the music in private. The F minor *Study* fares a little better, but in none of these pieces does the pianist give the impression that he knows how Chopin's music ought to sound.

Unfortunate too is Mr. Goodman's playing of the D flat *Nocturne*, in which he falls victim to the vulgar mannerism of allowing his left hand considerably to precede his right. (The Busoni-furbishment of the Paganini-Liszt *La Campanella*, on the obverse, is an exceptionally brilliant piece of playing.) After these travesties, Monsieur François's thoroughly studied handling of the G minor *Ballade* is quite acceptable, although it possesses little individuality and seems to me inferior to Louis Kentner's record of this piece.

PUCCINI: "Flower Duet"—*Madama Butterfly* (Licia Albanese and Lucielle Browning with orch. (Weissmann). H.M.V. DB6615). A beautiful record, entrancingly sung by Licia Albanese, rather heavily seconded by Miss Browning. The balance is good and the recording particularly successful.

VERDI: "Tacea la Notte" and "D'amor sull'ali rosee"—*Il Trovatore* (Adriana Guerrini with Augusteo Symph. Orch. (Bellezza). Col. DX1468). Very convincingly sung, in the full-blooded style required by this opera. The recording is not quite successful with Signora Guerrini's middle notes, which are apt to sound harsh.

VERDI: "Condotta ell'ere in ceppi"—*Il Trovatore*; MASCAGNI: "Voi lo sapete"—*Cavalleria Rusticana* (Ebe Stignani with Rome Opera House Orch. (Ricci). Col. LX1049). In the *Trovatore* aria Ebe Stignani gives us the Azucena we always hope for and so seldom hear. But this singer is definitely a mezzo-soprano, and "Voi lo sapete" is outside her range. The orchestra and recording are very good.

ROSSINI: "Bel Raggio"—*Semiramide;* "Cruda sorte!"—*L'Italiana in Algieri* (Jennie Tourel with New York Metropolitan Opera Orch. (Cimara). Col. LX1054). Miss Tourel's coloratura is agreeably neat and clean, but so completely devoid of brio that I'm afraid this record must be pronounced uninteresting.

VERDI: "Ingemisco" (*Requiem*); HANDEL: "Ombra mai fu" (*Xerxes*) (John McHugh with Covent Garden Orch. (Braithwaite). Col DX1469). Extremely creditable. Mr. McHugh's voice has the right ring and the recording does well by it.

FOUR RUSSIAN SONGS: "Water Nymphs" (Borodin); "The Hebrew Melody" (Balakireff); "The Dreary Steppe" (Gretchaninoff); "From my tears spring flowers" (Borodin). (Oda Slobodskaya acc. Newton. Decca K1206). This is a most desirable record. The songs are variously representative of the Russian *romance* at its best—eloquent with Balakireff, graceful and tender with Borodin, sombre with Gretchaninoff. The recording is carefully balanced, with plenty of piano. Seeing that Mme Slobodskaya is clearly in such excellent voice these days, it is greatly to be hoped that Decca will take the opportunity of inviting her to record a lot more Russian songs.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Just Published

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

by

T. E. WINSLOW

A History of the Royal Observer Corps as authorised by the Air Ministry

With a Foreword by

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR

late Secretary of State for Air

●

Fully Illustrated

12s. 6d.

●

WILLIAM HODGE & Co., Ltd.
London · Edinburgh · Glasgow.

Something Terrible, Something Lovely

WILLIAM SANSOM

'He produces an effect as he goes, and he leaves an impression. He is very good.' *Daniel George in The Observer.*

'Elegant, polished, essential.' *The Birmingham Post.*

'There is no living author who can be more interesting or who can more thoroughly absorb the reader into his own vision, brilliant yet sombre.' *Sir Osbert Sitwell.*

8s. 6d. net

THE HOGARTH PRESS

CASSELL

B. H. LIDDELL HART

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL

GERMANY'S GENERALS THEIR RISE AND FALL WITH THEIR OWN ACCOUNT ON MILITARY EVENTS

1939-1945

Crown 8vo. 4 maps, 10/6 net.

The Same Sky over All

DAVID SMITH

author of *No Rain in Those Clouds*

'Mr. Smith, an Essex farmer, has an eye for beauty and an ear which transmits all the narrative zest, the contemplative pungency of rural speech. Here are true country contentments—hard work, honest pride, rough justice, and simple pleasures.'

J. W. LAMBERT in *Sunday Times*

With 21 photographs. 12s. 6d. net

The Testament of Light

GERALD BULLETT

A revised and enlarged one-volume edition of the 'anthology of the religious spirit,' described as 'fragrant with wisdom' (ST. JOHN ERVINE), and 'medicine against the modern world's madness' (ROBERT LYND). 8s. 6d. net

Coming April 29

The Odyssey of Homer

A new and complete translation in verse by S. O. ANDREW

On authoritative opinion, the publishers believe that this translation conveys the simplicity and nobility of the Greek to a notable degree, is better in one respect or another than many of the standard verse translations, and in its nature has advantages over the prose translations whether literal or free. 10s. 6d. net

DENT

Week-end Competitions

No. 949

Set by Allan M. Laing

There is a well-known anonymous verse which runs :

Forth from his den to steal he stole :
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

By itself this stanza is obviously incomplete. Competitors are asked, for the usual prizes, to complete the poem by adding a first and third stanzas in the same manner. Entries by May 4.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 946

Set by John Brown

The usual prizes are offered for a set of three new London Street Cries. Total twelve lines.

Report by John Brown

I ought to have thought of it : the pleasure of street cries depends on the surprise of hearing them; Set down on paper they are very cold dumpling indeed, unless they are relieved by some wild, improbable phrase of popular invention. The only example of this came from E. R. North and it is so good that I cannot help thinking it has actually been uttered by some spiv with a Biblical background :

Whale-meat, ladies—whale meat !
Fresh lev-*i*-a-than.

Mr. North's other two cries do not come up to that.

Another good single line came from Diablotin with his

Have you any old flats to let ?

There was the improbable

Who'll hire my taxi ? (E. Goodwill).

and M. Truck, Hassall Pitman, and one or two others sent in bitter lines about the spiv's prices. Cats' meat, now means, I regret to say, the meat of cats ; it is news to me that pickled onions are good for corns and bunions. Nylons, plastics and curlers were favourite merchandise. I liked S. D.'s

The cigarette
You wont forget :
No smoke, no choke.

And another competitor who cried Picasso postcards outside the Tate. There was a strong case for going into fantasy in a competition so unpromising, e.g. The M.P.'s cry, Buy my sweet amendment ; but only L. E. J. and L. G. Udall took a chance here. These two and E. R. North—for his one superb line—are to have a guinea apiece ; and there is 8*s*. 6*d*. each for mixed lot by Allan M. Laing, Gordon Simpson, J. R. Till, and M. E. N.

(Imitating Wood-pigeon).

Cŏŏ-cŏŏ-cŏŏ-cŏupŏns !
Coo-coo-coo-coupons !
On the sly, come and buy !
Coo-coo-coo-coupons !

Buy your Practices ! Any old Practices ?
Millions of pounds
For a Doctor's rounds !
Buy your Practices !

Cast-off Reds, oh ! Cast-off Reds, oh !
Ten a penny, ten a penny, cast off Reds, oh !
One and all from Whitehall,
Cast-off Reds, oh ! L. E. J.

(In a hoarse whisper that will not quite reach the nearest policeman).

Flash your legs in London Town,
Clothing coupons half-a-crown,
See the boys look up—and down,
Clothing coupons half-a-crown.

(Basso profundo).

Mind, mind, MIND !
We're gonna dig 'oles in the road
This truck's got a bloody great load,
An' a little red lamp on be'ind.
Mind, Mind, MIND !

(Allegro to animato).

Smash and grab !
Out of the way for the lads on the nab.
Smash and grab ! L. G. Udall

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32*s*. 6*d*. ; Six months, 16*s*. 3*d*. ; Three months, 8*s*. 6*d*.

By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15*s*. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).

Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50.

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 8471.

POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 1d. ; Canada, 1d.

Sweet African cokernuts, buy !
Six 'ogs an' a tanner :
I'll lend you a spanner
To spill all the milk in yer eye !

Fully-fashioned, fully-fashioned
Nylons from the U.S.A.
Hand no tips to Stafford Cripps
An' don't give barrer boys away.

Here are combs for every head :
Combs for morning, combs for bed :
Come then, try them ! Come then, buy the
Blonde, brunette or ginger red.

ALLAN M. LAING

Chestnuts all hot
Good 'uns and bad 'uns :
If you ain't a buyer
Don't crowd round the fire.

Silk elastic all a stretch-o
Any price the stuff will fetch-o.

Come and get it, if you wa-ant it
And if you want it, form a queue.
Make up your mind, if you don't wa-ant i
Then make a way for those who do.

M. E. N

Plastic pearls, plastic pearls,
Roll up, roll up, roll up, girls !
They guarantee you classy dates
Up to the plastic Pearly Gates.

Calling all curlers in Wimbledon and Wemb
Dinkie little hair-grips for Upper Holloway
Flapjacks for Freda—look at my assembly,
Look at my Utility Ladies' Tray !

My, my, you *will* look clean
With our antiseptic Brilliantine !
Glossy and classy and shiny and not
A terrible lot to pay on the pot.

J. R. Till

Quick ! Get into the bus ! Hold tight
If you fall don't make a fuss. Hold tight
We have to run to time, Hold tight !
Late or early is a crime. Hold tight !

Logs ! Logs ! Who will buy my logs ?
We've spoilt the country woods
To deliver you the goods.
Who'll buy my little lot of lovely logs ?

Oldie ! Any Oldie ?
To keep old junk it don't make sense
If it will bring you in some pence.
Oldie ! Any Oldie ?

GORDON SIMPSO

CANCER
RELIEF

The poor and pitiable sufferers from Cancer **must** be cared for.

Please will you help ?

CANCER SUFFERER, 471132

Poor young man (24) with four young children. Lives with parents, but Mother suffers from similar complaint and is really unfit to nurse him.

This is but one of the 2,000 sufferers on our books for whom we earnestly appeal for funds. N.S.C.R. is supported entirely by voluntary contributions and receives no grant from the state.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CANCER RELIEF

Chairman :
THE LORD DARWEN

Appeal N.S., 47, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the **Matric.** ; School Cert. ; University Entrance ; B. Com. ; B.Sc. Econ. ; LL.B. and other external London Degrees. **Civil Service Examinations,** etc.

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c.,** and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 15,000 Post-war Examination Successes.

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested, to the Secretary (D1/4),

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

RUDE HEALTH

"The most living periodical in the world dealing with health."

For 6/6d or ($1.50) you may enjoy **Rude Health** for one year.

Address : **"Rude Health," Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.**

While the year is still young give yourself a holiday—a holiday of rest, recreation and zest in the up-to-date, yet comfortable atmosphere of a Scottish Trust Hotel.

Your choice is wide. Please write to the hotel you select—

Corrie Hotel, Corrie, Arran. Douglas Hotel, Brodick, Arran. Lamlash Hotel, Lamlash, Arran. Crawford Hotel, Crawford, Lanarkshire. Douglas Arms Hotel, Douglas, Lanarkshire. Clydesdale Hotel, Lanark. Caledonian Hotel, Lanark. Black Bull Hotel, Killearn, Stirlingshire. Gartocharn Hotel, Lochlomondside. Balloch Hotel, Balloch, Lochlomondside. Ailsa Arms Hotel, Girvan, Ayrshire. King's Arms Hotel, Girvan, Ayrshire.

PUBLIC HOUSE TRUST
(Glasgow) Ltd.
1 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3.
Phone : DOUGLAS 6886.
General Manager :
D. McDOUGALL

SCOTTISH TRUST HOTELS

"All easy to reach by RAIL or ROAD"

I said I'd meet him tomorrow—B

I MUST GET RID OF TH AWFUL COLD

Mrs. F. M. of Chobham writes: "I found the tablets very good for preventing colds. I strongly recommend them."

No matter how firmly your cold seems to have you in its grip—streaming eyes, running nose, an ache in every limb—KORAY will relieve it, quickly, safely.

FOR ACHES AND PAI

KORAY

IS YOUR 'FIRST AI

Koray Tablets are obtainable everywhere, P 4d., 8d., 1/7 & 3/2. *The larger sizes save you m*

Appointments Vacant

Most of the vacancies in these columns re- to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or oman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he she is excepted from the provision of the nal of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ancy is for employment excepted from the ision of that Order.

THE Council of the Canberra University College, Australia, invites applics. for ly created post of Principal of the College. ncipal will have status and titles of Professor, ope of his Chair to be determined by the ncil with the appointee. Subject to the ncil, he will be the academic head of the ge. Posts. will carry sal. on appointment 3,000 p.a. (Australian currency), rising by al increments of £50 until the max. of 50 p.a. is reached. The appointee will be ible, subject to medical exam., to contri- to Commonwealth Superannuation Fund, ch will provide for an annual pension of up £845 p.a. The appointment will be for 5 in first instance, subject to renewal there- . Further parties. from Secretary, Univer- Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. ing date for receipt of applics. is May 15. UCKLAND University College, Auckland, New Zealand. Council of Auckland Uni- ity College invites applics. for post of Prin- . Sal.: £2,000 p.a. (N.Z. currency). Per- appointed will be first Principal of the ge. Up to present there has been no full academic head of the College, but in the ion of the College such an appointment has me necessary by reason of growth of the ge and increasing amount of admin. work. ncil hopes to secure services of a person of academic standing with exp. in University n. Allowance made for travelling exps. her parties. from Secretary, Universities au of British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. ing date for receipt of applics. is June 30. E Queen's College, Oxford. The College proposes to elect shortly to an Official Fel- hip and Praelectorship in Economics, the intment to commence on Oct. 1. Initial ary will be determined by age and exp. of essful candidate but will not be less than 0 p.a. with free rooms and dinners, super- nuation under the F.S.S.U., and (where icable) children's allowances. It will rise max. of £1,300 p.a. Applic. forms from ld be returned to him by May 10, to- her with the names of 3 refs.

B.C. invites applics. for posts of Report Writers in its Monitoring Service, at Caver- m, near Reading, Berkshire. Essential quali- include an interest in International affairs ability to write analytical reports and to quick and accurate summaries of broad- bulletins and talks. Salary is in a grade by annual increments of £45 and £50 to ax. of £995 and £1,100 p.a., according to fics. Detailed applics. to Appointments er, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, ked "Report Writers, N. Stm.," within 7 . For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

ELFAST. Queen's University. Lectureship Econ. History. Sal. £500 by £25 to £625 on certain conditions being satisfied to p.a., with contributory pension under S.U. Initial placing on sal. scale dependent exp. and qualifics. Applics. by May 29. ct. from G. R. Cowie, Secretary.

ELFAST. Queen's University. Lectureship Econs. Competence in Statistics will be ded as additional qualific. Salary £500, 25 to £625, and on certain conditions being ed, to £800, with contributory pension r F.S.S.U. Applics. by May 22. Partics. G. R. Cowie, Secretary.

IVERSITY of Leeds. Dept. of Econom- s and Commerce. Applics. invited for post istant Lecturer in Economic Statistics at ial sal. of £400–£450 p.a., with effect Oct. 1. Applic. to reach Registrar, Uni- y, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. be obtained) by May 8.

IVERSITY of Birmingham. Appoint- nts Board. Applics. invited for post of ant Secretary to Appointments Board, to commence about Sept. 1. University ate pref. Industrial exp. a qualific., but ssential. Initial sal. between £550 and according to qualifics. Applics. (no) together with names of 2 refs., to reach signed, from whom further partics. ob- ble, by May 15. C. G. Burton, Sec., The ersity, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

NT Educ. Ctee. invite applics. for post Senior Woman Boarding-out Officer, to vise and co-ordinate the arrangements for ding-out of children committed to their Applicants should possess a Social Sci- Cert. or Diploma or an equiv. qualifica- and should have had exp. in child welfare Salary £420, rising by annual incre- of £15 to a max. of £465 p.a., plus cost ing bonus. Applics. should be submitted y 15. Form of applic. and full partics. County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maid- Kent.

IVERSITY of Cambridge. The Board Extra-Mural Studies propose to appoint dent Tutor in Essex, whose duties will be both teaching and general supervision the Board's work in that area. Candi- should have a good Hons. Degree and of adult education. Further information sal., which will be pensionable under and applic. forms obtainable from ary, Stuart House, Cambridge, to whom ted applics. to be returned by May 8.

IAN Society: Home Research Secretary d. Applicants should be Socialists with knowledge of economic and political administrative ability and exp. in the r Movement. Salary £400, rising £450. . forms, which must be returned by 7, 1948, can be obtained from General Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

SOMERSET Education Ctee. Appointment of Educational Psychologists. Applics. in- vited for following appointments in Ctee.'s Child Guidance Service: Senior Educational Psychologist (full-time, man); Educational Psy- chologist (full-time, single woman). Candidates must have Hons. or Research Degree in psy- chology. Exp. in work of child psychology in schools and in child guidance clinic is desir- able. Sals. attaching to posts are: Senior Edu- cational Psychologist — £800×£25—£1,000 p.a.; Educational Psychologist—£720×£20— £800 p.a. It will be necessary for persons ap- pointed to have cars for use of which travelling allowance on County Council scale will be paid. Conditions of appointment and forms of applic. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Taunton, on receipt of s.a.e. foolscap e. Canvass- ing will disqualify. W. J. Deacon, Chief Edu- cation Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

SHROPSHIRE Adult College. Applics. in- vited for post of housekeeper to the Shrop- shire Adult College at Attingham Hall, 4 miles from Shrewsbury. This post reqs. a woman of enterprise and intelligence, qualified and exp. in catering, house management, household accounts and control of staff, and prepared also to take genuine interest in the welfare of stu- dents and the building-up of a new venture in adult education. College will cater for about 30 students for short courses. Sal. £250 p.a. rising by annual increments of £25 to a max. of £400, plus free living accom. and board; initial sal. will depend upon qualifics. and pre- vious exp. Applic. forms from H. Martin Wilson, Clerk to Governors, County Educ. Office, Shrewsbury, to be returned by May 1.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applics. invited for post of Senior Lecturer in Eng- lish Language and Literature for Sept., 1948. Good degree and experience essential. Revised scale of salaries for training colleges. Further particulars from the Secretary.

APPLICS. invited for post of Warden of the Street Club and Institute. The Club was established in 1887 and at present contains a membership of approximately 350, with a possi- bility of an early increase to 500. It is desired to organise the Club on the lines of a com- munity centre, and the person appointed to the post will be responsible for organisation of social, recreational and educational activities, as well as the administration of the Club. Sal- ary at rate of £460 p.a., rising by two incre- ments of £15 and one of £20 to £510, plus war bonus—at present £59 19s. for men and £48 5s. for women. Post will be subject to three months' notice to terminate on either side. A list of duties and applic. forms may be obtained from Mr. A. G. Ball, 30 West End, Street, Somerset.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous experience in institutional work desir- able but not essential. Salaries from £120 resi- dent for assistants up to £220 resident for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts in- volving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

VACANCY for Sub-Warden (man or woman) with imagination and initiative to organise and develop clubs for adults. Must be willing to take responsibility and interest in all Settlement activities. Salary according to ex- perience. Apply immediately to Warden, Settlement, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

NATIONAL Institute for the Blind reqs. educated woman (under 50) as Assistant to Head of Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Babies, East Grinstead. Candidates must be adaptable and pref. would be given to woman with housekeeping qualifics. & exp. w.th yng. children. Applics., stating age, exp. and sal. reqd., should be addressed to Secre- tary-General, 224 Gt. Portland St. W.1.

APPLICS. invited by Lever Bros. & Uni- lever, Ltd., from Abstractors for appoint- ment to Scientific Library of their Research Dept. at Port Sunlight, Cheshire. Posts are open to women who must possess degree in science. Knowl. French/German an adv. Sals. related to qualifics. and exp. Applics. to Lever Bros. & Unilever, Ltd., Personnel Dept. (F.M.D.), Unilever Hse. Blackfriars, E.C.4.

WOMEN'S Personnel Officer. Applics. in- vited for position of Women's Personnel Officer at Bradford Works of The English Elec- tric Co. She will be responsible for employ- ment and welfare of the 800 women and girls at these Works and for implementing the Com- pany's personnel policy. Those interested should write to the Labour Superintendent, English Electric Co., Ltd., Thornbury, Bradford.

WOMAN Teacher, trained and graduate, wanted in September for general subjects (ages 9-16) and senior work in History, Latin or English. Burnham scale. Home in holidays offered for her and her children if over 6. Formosa School, Epping House, near Hertford.

CHILDREN'S Assistants (two) reqd. in small residential school for delicate yng. children. Good exp. in child care. Suitable post for 2 friends. Sal. grade 19s. 6d. p.w. to 34s. 6d. p.w. according to age, plus full residential emoluments. Apply with copies of 2 recent testimonials to Matron, Barbara Edith School, Hillside, Bletchingley, Surrey. By permission of Ministry of Labour and National Service under Control of Engagement Order, 1947.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd. immediately to be responsible for catering and general super- vision of household of 15 people; some cook- ing. Resident assistant on staff. Sal. £150 p.a. with full board and residence. Apply: Warden, Women's University Settlement, 44 Nelson Square, S.E.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

SHORTHAND Typist required on the Head- quarters Staff of the Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1. Salary £260 p.a. Staff Pension Fund. Apply within seven days to the Medical Adviser and Secretary.

EXPERIENCED person urgently reqd. to take charge of new Bookshop about to open in B.A.O.R., selling books and magazines to British Element in German. Must have com- prehensive knowledge of all branches of trade, and ability to control staff. Write, giving age, exp., and present position to Expeditionary Forces, Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

WANTED immediately, House Father (Jew- ish). Sal. £225 per annum, rising to £300 by annual increments (£15) and full residential emoluments. Apply in writing, Principal, Jew- ish Orphanage, West Norwood, S.E.27.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Contempor- ary Music seeks Organising Secretary. Mon. to Fri. mornings only. Apply c/o Novello, 160 Wardour St. W.1.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 28 Gt. Portland St. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Dupli- cating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

CAMBRIDGE English student, ex-R.M. Commando officer, requires interesting job July-September. Box 2482.

HOUSEKEEPER, 42, superior, good cook, seeks post in small homely family, gentle- man preferred. Box 2507.

S.R.N. Hospital Sister (24), highest references, would escort children, invalid, etc., to New York, May/June, in exchange passage paid. Box 2678.

TRAINED Nurse (22) reqs. intg. post Lon- don/Continent. Suggestions. Box 2437.

YOUNG man, 20, well educated, reqs. any part-time work. Saturday, Sunday; adapt- able, conscientious worker. Box 2475.

YOUNG woman, history grad., would like whole time post connected with newspaper work, with view to training. Box 2404.

YNG. Demob offir. wants job pref. abroad May-Oct. Able adult student. Box 2550.

Personal

COULD anybody suggest a suitable job in Holland this summer for a French teacher, living in England. Box 2406.

SWEDISH Students (16-18) both sexes wish to spend summer in English families, house- work or exchange. Nil-Edvard Jonsson, Laro- verket, Karlskrona, Sweden.

WOMAN Painter and Teacher can take a few pupils for Drawing or Painting. N.W. London, or in your own home. Write Box 2485.

SCANDINAVIAN Holiday. There are a few vacancies in a party to Denmark & Sweden, June 30, and to Norway, Aug. 25. Also other Continental & English holidays. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ROYAL College of Art Associates' Exhibi- tion at the Royal Academy of Arts, Picca- dilly, W.1. Oct., 1948. Drawings, Paintings, Sculpture, Architectural Drawings and En- gravings. All past students of the College should communicate with J. L. Fairburst, A.R.C.A., 54 Suffolk Rd. Barnes, S.W.13.

RUSSIAN lady gives Russian lessons. Box 3059.

CHINESE lessons (modern & classical) offered by experienced teacher from Peking. 'Phone Gerrard 9050, or write Box 2043.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Marie Heynemann, 179 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

CAN you speak in Public? Class forming now. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. Pri. 1369.

LORD Cecil Douglas and Mr. Ivor Casson, Directors of Henry Allan & Sons (Travel), Ltd., offer facilities for air, land and sea travel for business and pleasure, to all parts of the World. You are invited to visit the offices at 25 Cockspur St. London, S.W.1. Tel.: Whitehall 5387/9.

SWISS Hotel & Travel Bureau has moved to Vincent Ho. Vincent Sq. S.W.1, and invites enquiries. Currency guaranteed for all book- ings accepted.

NEW Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panel, each panel 1yd. at base tapering to 1in. top and 2yds. 12in. long; ½ Para 35s., ¾ Para 65s., whole Para 120s., carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 49), 139-143 High St. Stoke Newington, N.16.

HELP your European friends without de- pleting Britain's larder. For 30s. you can send a well packed and fully insured parcel of food straight from Dominions to any address on Continent incl. all zones Germany. Parcels cannot be sent to addresses in the United King- dom. This service complies with prevailing regulations. Write British Overseas Supply Co., Ltd., 3 Brookside, Headington, Oxford.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix.' The Lin- guists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for con- versation, and tuition in all foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9595.

ORDINARY Writing at 100-120 words per minute. All languages. Test lesson 3d. Dut- ton Speedwords (S54), 92/3 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

A.S.S.E.T.—The progressive trade union appeals to readers in supervisory or tech- nical posts to join. Full details supplied on re- quest to: The Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives & Technicians, 110 Park St. London, W.1. Tel: Mayfair 8541/2.

REMINDER Services will remind you of your important dates. Birthdays, Anniver- saries, etc. Fees moderate. Write for brochure, 6 Anchorage Close, S.W.19.

Personal—continued

EASIBINDER "self-binding" cases will hold your "New Statesman" (26 copies) as if they were in a bound volume! Maroon rexine cloth, titled in gold, 13s. post free from The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.2.

CANAL Cruising Holidays will give you Peace, Beauty and Adventure—with Com- fort. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs.

RARE and Out-of-Print books supplied from stock or searched for free of charge. Books wanted recorded and reported when they come into stock. Francis Marsden, New & Second- hand Booksellers, 59 Kings Rd. Chelsea, S.W.3.

OUT-of-print books, all subjects. Lists sent. Loshak, Dedham, Colchester.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St. S.W.1, special- ises in blockprinted materials, gd. hand- and machine-woven fabrics, English blown glass, handthrown, earthenware and stoneware.

£5-£35 is the price we pay for cultured pearl necklaces; up to £25 for 18ct. pocket watches and chains. Register your parcels (cash or offer by return) or call at M. Hayes & Sons, Ltd., 106 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. HOLborn 8177.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writ- ing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and suc- cess letters from students.

BOOKS. Highest prices paid for all books in fine condition. Up to half published price for modern novels. Send for price list. Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St. S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9877.

RISHABHA Jaina Free Lending Library works on Jainism, Psychology, Comparative Religion, Yoga. Write only.: Sec., 131 Cots- wold Gardens, N.W.2.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 New City Rd. Glasgow.

CATALOGUE Number Five just out. Over 800 books for the discriminating reader. Modern Fiction, Sociology, Classics. Price 3d. Send us your "wants" too, for a personal and prompt service. Bernard Hanison, Books, 38, Aberdeen Rd. Highbury Barn, N.5.

WATCH Repairs. Send watch reg., estimate free before proceeding. Expert craftsman- ship. Garner, 129 Stoke Newington Rd. N.16.

BROADCASTING Bulletin (weekly) gives international radio programmes and wave- lengths. Subscription 12 months 25s., 6 months 12s. 6d. Broadcasting Bulletin, 8 First Ave. Hove 3, Sussex. Send stamp for specimen.

HAVE you seen the new countryside publi- cations—Countrygoer Books? The finest writers, artists and photographers, first-class production at a moderate price. Booksellers 2s. 6d. each, 2s. 8d. post free, 58 Frith St. W.1. Subscription 10s. a year.

HEALTH Horizon—an unusual quarterly magazine. Illustrated. April issue includes: Why Wear Spectacles?; Alcohol; Loss of the Bag by Freya Stark. Five shillings for four issues. Tavistock House North, W.C.1.

CONTEMPORARY Lithographs—"Frieze," in 2 parts, by John Piper; "Grand Junction Canal," by Lynton Lamb; "Still Life," by Ivon Hitchens; from £1 ea.; frames to order. Turnstile Press, 10 Gt Turnstile, W.C.1.

Schools

BEVERLEY School, Wolfclee, nr. Hawick. Prog. Co-Educ. Children from 3 years. Healthy, happy environment. Special attention given to diet. Entire charge, arrangements made for children with parents abroad.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 2019. A progres- sive day school for boys and girls aged 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks Co- ed. Home School. Easy access Baker Street stn. New Nursery House from 3 years. Few vacancies. Principal: Miss M. K. Wilson.

GAVESTON Hall, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex, for boys and girls prep. age. Sound educ.; family life; individ. attention; grad. staff. Also Senior course with agricultural bias. Apply Principal (Lower Beeding 384).

FOR freedom and self-government. Kil- quhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Essex. Branch of Summerhill School. Crafts, riding, excellent diet, central heating. Paying guests welcome.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, rid- ing, etc., on Children's Farm. Exps., particu- larly from parents abroad: R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PROGRESSIVE School for Children up to 14 years. Separate Nursery for under-fives. Prospectus: Tony Warner, Oakley Wood School, Sherwood, Newton St. Cyres, Devon.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hamst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Ex- change poss. Own swimming; boating. Prog. Co-ed., 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome vigorous community life; training in disciplined co- operation, and practical social responsibility. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.